FRONTISPIECE

The School for Stepmothers

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Ch. 790/61.

THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE

THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

THE SCHOOL FOR STEP-MOTHERS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. FLOYD.

FRANCIS, PRISCILLA, ANNE, } *Mr. Floyd's Children.*

CHARLES, PERCIVAL, } *Mrs. Floyd's Children.*

DANIEL, - *a Servant.*

The SCENE, *is in Mr. Floyd's garden.*

SCENE I.

Francis, (alone.)

ONCE more then I am in my garden, where I have not been theſe ſix months! What a pleaſure every object gives me! Here is the little ſummer-houſe,

where I was uſed ſo frequently to breakfaſt with my dear mama. If ſhe were living ſtill, what happineſs for both of us! She would receive me now with open arms; ſhe would embrace me: and, on my ſide, I ſhould have many little things to tell her. But, alas! (*beginning to cry,*) I have for ever loſt her; and if we are ſtill to love each other, we can only do ſo in another world. My dear mama! could you only hear me, it would be ſome comfort, ſince you cannot come back to ſee your Frank. Inſtead of you, I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as they call it, in law: and that, as I am told, is juſt as much as if one were to ſay, a cruel mother. What then am I now to do? I never ſhall dare look upon her. Oh! if I might at leaſt have lived with grandmama! But it cannot be; papa will have me here, though poor mama is dead. Alas! I never ſhall be able to live here: I know it. I will therefore only ſee my dear papa and ſiſters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and muſt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Francis, Daniel.

Daniel. What, maſter Francis! is it you come back again? How goes it with you?

Francis. In health, not much amiſs, dear Daniel. And how, pray, are you?

Daniel. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the *George*. But what is the matter? I can ſee, you have been crying.

Francis, (*wiping his eyes.*) Crying?

Daniel. Yes, yes, crying! Oh, you cannot conceal it. Have you met with any accident?

Francis. None, Daniel, ſince I left my grandmama's.

Daniel. Oh, oh! I underſtand: you weep for your mama; but then you have another.

Francis. A ſtep-mother you mean? If I could only ſhun her! But how fare my poor dear ſiſters?

Daniel. How? ah! bad enough. At ſix they muſt be up. I would not adviſe them

to lie a minute after. They would pay dear for their drowſineſs.

Francis. But what have they to do up ſo early?

Daniel. Oh! their new mother knows how to find them work! She rules us all like ſlaves! and I myſelf muſt get up with the reſt! I roſe at ſeven this morning; and, as early as it was, I ſaw both your ſiſters hard at work in the parlour.

Francis. But I aſk you, at what?

Daniel. Why working for their young brothers in law.

Francis. Yes, I am told that ſecond mothers never ſpare their huſband's children, while they love their own: and I imagine, I muſt go to work too. But what is become of all my pinks and tulips?

Daniel. Oh! they are all taken away.

Francis. By whom?

Daniel. By Charles and his brother.

Francis. So then, I have loſt my pretty flowers; and thoſe two wicked little fellows have deſtroyed them. They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewiſe. Look ye, here they come.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Francis, Daniel, Charles, Percival.

Charles, (*whiſpering Percival.*) Percival, who is that young gentleman with Daniel? If it were but Maſter Francis?

Percival, (*whiſpering Daniel.*) Is it he?

Daniel, (*anſwering drily.*) Yes, gentlemen.

Charles. O my dear, dear brother, welcome! We have wiſhed to ſee you!

Francis, (*ſhrinking back.*) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you ſhould thus embrace me?

Charles. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge, but are all three brothers.

Francis. Yes, half brothers, ſir.

Charles. Why half? If your papa loves our mama, and ſhe loves him, why ſhould not we love one another? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Francis. If we are brothers, have you a greater right than I have here?

Percival, (*aſide.*) How quarrelſome he is!

Charles. Why your papa has let us work theſe three weeks in it.

Francis. I was in it firſt! and ſurely you will not drive me out!

Percival. Come, Charles; let us be gone, and leave him in his peeviſh humour.

Charles. No, no, Percival: we muſt ſtay and be good friends with one another.

Percival. Do you like the ſulky fellow, then, ſo much?

Francis. The ſulky fellow! Do you call me ſulky?

Percival. Yes, and envious, and——

Francis. You dare inſult me then? and even in my garden here?

Percival. You began: but I am your match; mind that!

Charles. Hear me, Percival! Would you ſtrike your brother? Come along, and for Heaven's ſake let us not vex our new papa; and more particularly ſo, the very day that he is to ſee his ſon, (*he draws him away.*)

Percival. Well, I will go and tell mama. (*He and Charles both go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Francis, Daniel.

Francis. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother that I have inſulted them, and ſhe will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am, do not you think, Daniel, that I am to be pitied?

Daniel. Indeed you are ſo; however, take heart. I will be your friend; and we ſhall then, I think, be able to make head againſt them.

Francis. Yes; but my papa?

Daniel. Let me alone with him. I know a thouſand tricks of theſe new comers, which I will tell him. They have ſpoilt your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you they will be but badly off.

Francis. So then, my good Daniel, you will ſtand up for me?

Daniel. Ay, as ſure as my name is Daniel.

Francis. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I ſee then, though I have loſt mama. But did you notice their

fine clothes? What handſome waiſtcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Daniel. Their mother.

Francis. Yes, yes, I was thinking ſo. She will always be employed upon her favourites; but pray who will work me ſuch a waiſtcoat?

Daniel. Why indeed, if you ſhould want one, you muſt work it yourſelf.

Francis. And had not they new coats on likewiſe?

Daniel. Yes: they had them, as a preſent from your papa, on the day of his marriage.

Francis. Oh! he did not make me ſuch a preſent. I was ſent with theſe bad clothes into the country. It is too much! I cannot ſupport the thought! My poor mama is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left to befriend me!

Daniel. Be of comfort! matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the firſt place, you muſt ſee your new mama. So follow me, and think of putting on a chearful face, as if you were rejoiced to ſee her.

Francis. I can never do ſo.

Daniel.

Daniel. But you *muſt*, however it may go againſt you. I do ſo, though I deteſt her. Would you think it? ſhe begins to tell me that I muſt be leſs frequent in my viſits at the ale-houſe; I that was accuſtomed to ſpend half the day there, in the life-time of my laſt dear miſtreſs! She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellouſly altered now, and we muſt alter with them. Patience! when we are once alone, I will tell you what more is to be done. At preſent, therefore, follow me.

Francis. But will ſhe ſee by my eyes that I have been crying?

Daniel. Why you are crying ſtill.

Francis. Then I will not go now: ſhe would aſk the reaſon of my tears. What anſwer ſhould I give her?

Daniel. You might ſay, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear mama, and therefore fell a crying.

Francis. But, provided ſhe ſhould ſpeak about my quarrel with her children?

Daniel. Tell her that they began it; and call me to witneſs what you ſay. But here ſhe comes. Go and ſalute her boldly.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Floyd, Francis.

Mrs. Floyd. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving him.*) Is it you my deareſt Francis? Then I have all my family together at laſt. (*She embraces him with tenderneſs.*) How ſweet a countenance! and how happy am I, that I can call ſo amiable a child my ſon!

Francis. I ſhould be happy too, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*ſighing.*)

Mrs. Floyd. What is the matter then, my deareſt? You ſeem quite ſad, my charming little man! (*Francis cries afreſh, and cannot ſpeak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What cauſes you theſe tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Francis. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Floyd. It is enough, however, to diſtreſs me. Say, what gives you all this ſorrow, and I will comfort you, if poſſible. If your papa or ſiſters were to ſee you, they might fancy that you had met with ſome misfortune coming home; and they are pleaſed in thinking that they are ſo ſoon

to

to ſee you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Francis. Believe me, I can have no greater pleaſure! But ſhall I embrace mama? It is for her I cry.

Mrs. Floyd. She died ſix months ago, and do you ſtill cry for her?

Francis. Yes, yes; all my life! Oh, my mama! my dear mama!

Mrs. Floyd. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us ſpeak of her no longer, ſince it gives you ſo much ſorrow.

Francis. No, no: on the contrary, let me be always ſpeaking of her, if you mean that I ſhould feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, ſo ſoon?

Mrs. Floyd. Dear little fellow! (*embracing him.*) You loved her then very much?

Francis. I find ſo; much more now than when ſhe lived. She was ſo good!

Mrs. Floyd. I wiſh I were but able to reſtore her to you; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your boſom. I will love you as ſhe did; and will be a mother to you.

Francis. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only my ſtep-mother.

Mrs. Floyd. But why give me ſuch a name? I have not called you my ſtep-ſon.

Francis. Pray pardon me! I did not ſay ſo to diſpleaſe you. I begin to think you very kind; at leaſt you ſeem ſo. But then you have children of your own, and muſt, of courſe, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Floyd. You ſhall not find it ſo. Some few days hence we ſhall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you ſhall ſee if my affection will not make you think yourſelf my ſon.

Francis. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mama?

Mrs. Floyd. I would not wiſh you to forget her: on the contrary, we will ſpeak often of her, and your tenderneſs ſhall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Francis. Oh! I have ſeen them already. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs. Floyd. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then? I ſhould be very ſorry for that, as all my wiſh is to behold you tenderly united to each other, like real brothers.

Francis. I wiſh nothing more than that. But where is my papa and ſiſters? Let me ſee them.

Mrs. Floyd. Your papa will very ſoon be home. He went this morning to diſpatch ſome buſineſs out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himſelf; but, in the mean time, I can take you to your ſiſters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Francis. I wiſh them to ſpeak of you, but not firſt. I have a deal to ſay of my mama. (*as they go out, Charles and Percival enter at the oppoſite ſide.*)

SCENE VI.

Charles, Percival.

Percival. Why did you keep me from complaining to mama? I keep company with that little ſnarler! No, never. When his father once comes home, I will tell him what

what a waſpiſh ſon he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Charles. Do you think, then, that our papa will not be vexed, when told of this difference between you? and would it pleaſe you to afflict him?

Percival. Certainly I ſhould be ſorry for it. And yet, what can I do? ſince, if this little gentleman is not corrected for his rudeneſs the firſt day of coming home, there will be nothing but diſputes hereafter. He will be always affronting us. I am not very deliberate in ſuch caſes; I ſhall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he ſhould think of taking airs on him, as juſt now——

Charles. I hope then, Percival, you do not mean to beat him!

Percival. But you do not ſuppoſe that I will let myſelf be beat by him!

Charles. No, certainly.

Percival. Then what ought I to do?

Charles. To-morrow, very likely, we ſhall ſee; but now it would be improper to diſturb his father's ſatisfaction in ſeeing him.

Per-

Percival. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, it is all the ſame to Percival; but the ſooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Charles. Brother, I beſeech you, wait a little longer. Francis cannot be ſo ſulky as you think.

Percival. And yet, ſure, I know him as well as you?

Charles. His father and his ſiſters ſay, he is very condeſcending and good-natured.

Percival. Yes, indeed, he ſhewed his condeſcenſion and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Charles. That was not well; but then he does not know us yet.

Percival. He might have tried to know us.

Charles. How you talk! perhaps ſomething grieved him.

Percival. And are we to ſuffer for it?

Charles. No; but brothers muſt paſs over many things which others have a right to take amiſs.

Percival. It appears to me that he ſcorns to look upon us as brothers.

Charles. No: I cannot perſuade myſelf of that.

Per-

Percival. Well, let him look a little to himſelf: I ſhall not put up with any inſult from him. But he's coming with his ſiſters: I will withdraw. I cannot bear the thoughts of ſuch a ſnappiſh gentleman.

Charles. For heaven's ſake, brother, let us ſtay and ſhare in their amuſement.

Percival. No, no: I might poſſibly diſturb them, and will go.

Charles. If you are reſolved, I will follow you.—(*Aſide, going out.*) I muſt do every thing in my power to ſoften him.

SCENE VII.

Francis, Priſcilla, Anne.

Priſcilla, (*holding Francis by the hand.*) But why afflict yourſelf, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mama to life again.

Francis. But will you promiſe me, at leaſt, that we ſhall think a little of her every time we meet?

Priſcilla. Yes, brother, I ſhall always think I ſee her with us, juſt as when ſhe was alive.

Fran-

Francis, (*affectionately looking at them.*) My deareſt ſiſters! this idea doubles the delight that I have in ſeeing you.

Priſcilla. I and Anne, have been wiſhing, this long while, to ſee you likewiſe.

Anne. And ſo have I brother; for now we can play all together as we uſed to do. Charles and his brother can play with us too. Oh! how fine that will be! (*jumping for joy.*)

Francis. Pſhaw! no more about your Charles and his brother, if you love me.

Priſcilla. How?

Francis. They would but interrupt our paſtime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Priſcilla. They, brother? Can you think ſo badly of them?

Anne. Look ye, Frank; (*ſhewing an etui.*)

Francis. And who gave you that?

Anne. Why Percival: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown that his mother gave him.

Priſcilla. See, too, this Morocco pocket-book. It was a preſent made to Charles; and he gave it me.

Fran-

Francis. Ay, ay! I ſee you underſtand each other's meaning, and will all four be againſt me.

Priſcilla and Anne. Be againſt you!

Francis. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and ſpoiled my garden.

Priſcilla. Who has taken all your flowers away, and ſpoiled your garden?

Francis. Thoſe two little fellows that you ſeem to admire ſo much.

Priſcilla. We do not underſtand you. Have you ſeen your garden?

Francis. Have I ſeen it? What a queſtion! Only look yourſelf. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Priſcilla. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mama's *bow* window?

Francis. Is there any garden there?

Anne. Ay, ſurely; and a very pretty one.

Priſcilla. Your garden here was far too little; ſo mama had one marked out for all of us, behind the terrace, ſix times larger.

Francis. And who owns it? Doubtleſs your two favourites!

Priſ-

Priſcilla. No, no; it belongs to all of us, we have each a portion.

Anne. I, as well as the reſt.

Francis. And is there one for me?

Priſcilla. Undoubtedly: and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithſtanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Anne. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you will ſee.

Francis. Who ſet them for me?

Anne. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their play hours upon the work. They have ſelected all the prettieſt flowers that *their* beds ſupplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more ſurpriſed.

Francis. And have they done all this for me? Daniel told me that they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Priſcilla. If you give ear to Daniel, you will be worſe off for it, I can tell you. Why he wiſhed to make us quarrel with our brothers likewiſe. How ungrateful! Their mama conſents to have him for no other reaſon

reaſon than becauſe ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all his ſtudy is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Anne. And all becauſe mama will have him work, inſtead of ſpending half the day with idle fellows at the alehouſe.

Francis. Is it ſo? Then I begin to ſee that he wanted to deceive me, when he promiſed to be my friend.

Priſcilla. However, we muſt not tell any thing about it to papa; he would diſmiſs him: we muſt therefore carefully keep ſilence, and not ruin Daniel.

Francis. Oh! no, no, indeed; ſince poor mama had ſuch a value for him.

Priſcilla. You will ſoon ſee whether he told you truth.

Anne. But come now, and pay a viſit to your garden, brother.

Francis. Yes, with all my heart: I long to ſee it, (*Anne and Priſtilla take him by the hand, and go out on one ſide, without perceiving Charles, who comes in with Percival on another ſide.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Charles, Percival.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruit, which they put down upon a table in the ſummer-houſe.*)

Charles. But where is he?

Percival, (*looking every way.*) Look ye, there he is.—There brother, with his ſiſters, going to our garden.

Charles. I am glad of that; for only think what pleaſure he will have, when he diſcerns how buſy we have been to ornament his portion of it!

Percival. Do you think ſo? I, for my part, would lay any wager that he will find fault with every thing about him, he is ſo queer! The flowers, he will ſay, are badly choſen, or the box not planted as it ſhould be, or the ground too moiſt, or too dry, and twenty other circumſtances.

Charles. Yes; but do you know that I am beginning to conſider you as touchy as you fancy him? I never ſaw you ſo before.

Percival. It is he that cauſed it. Have his

his ſiſters ever had occaſion to complain of my behaviour? and I only wiſh to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Charles. True indeed; but, as I ſaid before, it is very likely ſomething grieves him. He is afraid, perhaps, that his father will no longer love him, or our mother ſhew *him* leſs affection than he fancies ſhe does us. If ſo, then ſurely it is our duty to make much of him in his uneaſineſs, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Percival. You are in the right; I did not rightly think of that.

Charles. If he is as good as every body ſays, think, brother, how a little kindneſs on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it; and what pleaſure we ſhall give mama!

Percival. I was in the wrong, I own. let him but come, and I will be ſo attentive to him, he muſt unavoidably forget the paſt.

Charles. What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers that we

we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Percival. That is well ſaid; we will go immediately.—But here he comes himſelf.

Charles. And ſee how pleaſed he ſeems!

SCENE IX.

Charles, Percival, Francis, Priſcilla, Anne.

Francis, (running to embrace his brothers.) My dear good friends, my brothers, you muſt certainly be very much diſpleaſed with my behaviour.

Charles. We! why ſo?

Percival. It is over, my dear Frank, and I love you.

Francis. What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your fineſt flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleaſure.

Charles. It is enough for us, if you are pleaſed with our endeavours.

Francis. If I am! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I inſulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do ſo for the future. We will

always be good friends; and every thing that I have ſhall be yours as well as mine.

Charles. Yes, yes, and every thing ſhall be in common to us; not our pleaſures only, but our ſorrows alſo.

Percival. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendſhip. (*They embrace.*)

Charles. This is as it ſhould be; and now, Frank, we muſt go and have a little banquet that has been prepared for us by mama: we have brought it, and put it in the ſummer-houſe, as you may ſee. Let us enter. Enter you too, ſiſters, with us, and ſit down.

Percival. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feaſt. Mama will have it ſo; as you, ſhe ſays, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Francis. Oh! I am ſure, I never ſhall have eaten any where with ſo much appetite as at this feaſt of friendſhip. (*He preſents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.*)

Percival. Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Anne. I believe ſo, truly! for what quarrel can be worth theſe pears?

Charles

Charles. How glad mama will be to find us ſuch friends with one another!

Priſcilla. She deſerves that we ſhould afford her all the joy poſſible. When once you come to know her—But I remember you have ſeen her.

Francis. Yes, yes, Priſcilla; ſhe received me with the greateſt kindneſs, and has ſo agreeable a countenance that ſhe cannot be ill tempered. I perceived even by her tone of voice that I ſhould be eaſily induced to love her.

Priſcilla. And how good ſhe is to us!

Anne. We need but pleaſe ourſelves, to give her pleaſure.

Priſcilla. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mama. Papa, who is employed all day in buſineſs, could not look to us. There was for ever ſomething wrong in our cloaths, and our education was much more neglected.

Anne. We ſhould very probably have fallen into a habit of indolence.

Priſcilla. But ſince our new mama is come, we are both ſet to rights. She gives us every entertainment ſuited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleaſures.

One would think her much more intereſted in the preſervation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time ſufficient to remark that I ſtand in need of any thing; ſhe makes beforehand ſuch proviſion for our wants!

Anne. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed; and it was herſelf that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing in her power to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe, I ſhould have died, but for her great attention to me.

Francis. O my dear, dear ſiſters! is it poſſible?

Priſcilla. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accuſtomed to employ our needle. Well; mama was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every ſort of fine work.

Charles, (*to Francis.*) See here, the neck and wriſtbands of this ſhirt. Mama extols the work very much. Well, Priſcilla did it all herſelf, and it was a preſent from her to me.

Priſ-

Priſcilla. Which you deſerved beforehand; for who made me ſuch a garden, or preſented me with ſuch fine noſegays? Brother Francis, you muſt know, mama will not have us oblige our brothers, unleſs they likewiſe oblige us, and they do more to pleaſe us, than we could have thought to aſk.

Anne. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I will ſhew you the cork boat of Percival's making with his penknife. You ſhall ſee its nice ſilk rigging, ſattin ſails, and ribband ſtreamers. It ſwims charmingly, in the fiſh-pond.

Percival. Since you made me ſuch a handſome pair of garters— .

Anne. Garters! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Frank, were you but to ſee a certain green and lilac ſtriped ſilk purſe! The green at leaſt is all of my own fancying; aſk Priſcilla elſe. Oh, I am ſure you will be delighted when you have it.

Francis. How! and have you made me, then, a purſe? (*Priſcilla makes a ſign that Anne ſhould hold her peace.*)

Anne, (*embarraſſed.*) No, Frank; not for you:—(*in a whiſper,*) yes it is; but you muſt know, mama enjoined me not to tell you. And beſides, ſhe means to ſurpriſe you herſelf with nothing leſs than ſuch a nice worked waiſtcoat as my brothers now have on—Oh you will ſoon ſee!

Priſcilla. This little giddy creature can keep no ſecret.

Anne. No, becauſe there was ſuch pleaſure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Francis. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Priſcilla. Are we happy? What is wanting in our ſituation? Our mama is really ſo good! I do not know how it is, but ſhe has found the ſecret of converting every thing into a ſort of pleaſure. I have no amuſement half ſo great as chattering with her: Even while ſhe is joking, ſhe inſtructs us.

Anne. You ſhould ſee us, Francis, when we are reading certain little tales, which a friend of ours compoſes for us. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and it would be comical if he were to put us in his book.

Priſ-

Priſcilla. I wiſh he would put us in it, on account of our mama; that all the world might know the goodneſs of her heart, and how we love her.

Charles. Yes, and I, too, for the ſake of our papa, who treats us juſt as if we were even his real children.

SCENE X.

Mr. Floyd, Francis, Priſcilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd, (*who had ſtood by the ſide of the ſummer-houſe during the whole preceding ſcene, ſhews himſelf ſuddenly amongſt them, crying,*) Yes, and ſo you are within my heart. I make it all my happineſs to think that I am your father. But where is Frank?

Francis, (*embracing Mr. Floyd.*) Here, papa. Oh how rejoiced I am to ſee you, dear papa.

Mr. Floyd. Kiſs me once more my dear child.—And now let me inquire if you are pleaſed with your new brothers?

Francis. Oh! I never could have choſen better. I will love them, and do every thing in my power that they may love me likewiſe.

Charles. There will be no difficulty in that matter, ſince we are determined to do juſt the ſame.

Percival. We ſhall but need to recollect the pleaſure that we have had this day.

Priſcilla. That you may keep your promiſe, I will be ſure to put you frequently in mind of it.

Anne. Oh, ſiſter! as to that, I am ſure, I ſhall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Floyd. I verily believe, you will do ſo, from what I have heard you ſay; for you muſt know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in ſecret, during all your converſation; and I am ſure, I never ſhall forget it: nor I only, but another; for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear wife, approach, and enjoy a pleaſure ſo adapted to your goodneſs.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, Francis, Priſcilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd. Here ſhe is, my little ones; the partner that I have choſen to promote your happineſs; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune which it might have been in my power to leave to you, would be nothing, in compariſon of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made theſe ſecond nuptials to procure you every poſſible advantage. Three among you very much wanted a mother, who might take upon her the care of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance you in the world. Your intereſts were the ſame, in theſe ſecond nuptials; and it is for the benefit of all of us that they have been framed. Do you then promiſe me, dear wife, as I on my ſide do, that you will never think of treating either of theſe children with the leaſt degree of partiality, except indeed what his ſuperior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Floyd. My reply to you, dear huſband, is theſe tears; I cannot poſſibly repreſs them; and to you, my children, theſe

embraces (*ſhe holds out her arms, and all the children ſtrive with one another to come cloſeſt to her.*)

Mr. Floyd. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promiſe to keep up a conſtant union with each other, to avoid all jealouſy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other. (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, anſwer,*)

Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Floyd, (*raiſing them.*) Continue then to live in ſuch a ſtate of friendſhip. You will find its charms conſtantly increaſe, and the tie between you grow cloſer every day. You will be as happy from the ſervices that you do each other, as from thoſe little ſacrifices that may frequently be needful for the ſake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happineſs, will not the leſs enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himſelf. There will not be an individual round about you, but will intereſt himſelf in your proſperity, if his ſolicitude be worth the acquiſition; and your future children will reward you by *their* tenderneſs, for having ſo well merited the affection of your parents.

THE WATCH.

YOUNG Clara, at her return from a viſit which ſhe had juſt before been paying to an intimate acquaintance, appeared quite penſive and ſad. She found her ſiſters entertaining one another with that innocent and lively joy which heaven ſeems delighted to infuſe into the ſports of infancy. Inſtead of making one among them with her uſual playfulneſs, ſhe moved to a corner of the room, ſat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, in hopes that ſhe would join in their diverſion, replied peeviſhly to what they aſked her. When the father, who loved Clara exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which was but very ſeldom the caſe, he began to be uneaſy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquired what ailed his little child, that ſhe appeared ſo melancholy? "Nothing, nothing," anſwered Clara at firſt, to all his queſtions; but at length, on being preſſed more earneſtly to tell him every thing, ſhe replied, that all the little ladies whom ſhe had ſeen

that evening at her friend's, where ſhe had been a viſiting, had each received a very pretty preſent from their parents, or elſe friends, by way of fairing; though not one among them was ſo far advanced in learning as herſelf. She mentioned more particularly one Miſs Richmond, whoſe uncle had, that very morning, purchaſed her a very fine gold watch. "Oh! what pleaſure," added ſhe, "Miſs Richmond muſt feel, in having ſuch a handſome watch beſide her!"

"This then is the cauſe of your uneaſineſs, I find?" ſaid Mr. Ford with a ſmile. "Thank heaven, it is not ſo bad as I imagined! I ſuppoſed that you might have met with ſome unhappy accident. And what would you do then, my dear ſweet Clara, with a watch?

Clara. What others do, papa. I would have it faſtened to my girdle, and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

Mr. Ford. What! every moment, Clara? Your moments then are very precious; or perhaps your hours of needle-work and ſtudy hang too heavy on you?

Clara.

Clara. No, papa; for you have often told me that I am at preſent in the happieſt ſeaſon of my life.

Mr. Ford. Well then, my child, if you have no occaſion for a watch, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, at the ſtaircaſe foot, and that will always tell you.

Clara. Yes, papa; but then I need not mention, that up ſtairs I cannot always hear it ſtrike, and Bridget is very ſeldom there, to go down for me, and ſee what o'clock it is. Now, when I want to know, if I go myſelf, that takes up much time; whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once: nor ſhould I then need trouble any one, or loſe a moment of the day myſelf.

Mr. Ford. It is true, a watch muſt be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's writing-maſter that he has ſtaid his time out, if through friendſhip or politeneſs he ſhould wiſh to ſit a little longer with one.

Clara. Dear papa! how pleaſed you are to vex me upon all occaſions with your banter!

Mr. Ford. Well then, Clara, if you deſire

more ſerious converſation, tell me frankly, why you ſo much wiſh to have a watch?

Clara. I have, papa, already.

Mr. Ford. But I wiſh to know your real motive. You are ſenſible, that words alone never ſatisfy me.—You are afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I *will* for you; and you will ſay yourſelf, that I deal more frankly with you, than you with me. The reaſon why you want a watch is this: that when folks paſs you, they may ſay, "Oh! ſee what a charming watch that little lady has! She muſt be vaſtly rich indeed!"—Now tell me, do not you think it very pitiful to boaſt of being richer than other people, and to diſplay fine things about you for the multitude to admire? Do you fancy that any reaſonable perſon will eſteem a little lady more, becauſe her father has a great deal of money? You yourſelf, do you eſteem thoſe more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handſome watch, and are not in the leaſt acquainted with the wearer of it, far from ſaying, "There is a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her!" do not you rather ſay, "What a charming watch that little lady wears!"—It

is

is plain, that if a watch does honour to any body, it is to the workman; but the wearer of it, if ſhe claims any merit from the poſſeſſion of ſuch a bauble, I ſhould deſpiſe for her vanity.

Clara. You ſpeak, papa, as if you were perſuaded that I deſire a watch from ſuch a motive.

Mr. Ford. I muſt confeſs, I grievouſly ſuſpect as much; but you will not allow it. Well then, I think, I ſhall compel you very ſoon to ſuch a confeſſion.

Clara. Oh! do not tell me ſo papa! for you muſt own, a watch is very uſeful, ſince you always have one—you that talk ſo much againſt my vanity.

Mr. Ford. It is true; but then, you know, I cannot do without one. What I have to do at home is often interrupted by my public avocations or employment; ſo that I muſt be exact and punctual in allowing each the neceſſary time.

Clara. And muſt not I attend, papa, to a dozen different ſtudies in the day? What would any of my maſters ſay, if when they came, I had prepared to ſit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour?

Mr.

Mr. Ford. You are right. You ſee, by this, I am not obſtinate. Whenever I hear reaſon, I can ſay, I love to be perſuaded: and ſo, Clara, you may depend upon a watch. I will give you one.

Clara. Ah! now you joke, papa.

Mr. Ford. No, certainly; for you ſhall have one: but on this proviſo, that you do not forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

Clara. Can you ſuppoſe that I ſhall forget it? Oh! how glad I ſhould have been of one this afternoon, when I was viſiting at Miſs Mills's!

Mr. Ford. You may go there again to-morrow morning.

Clara. So I may; and very probably Miſs Richmond will ſtill be there, ſo let me have it early in the morning.

Mr. Ford. You ſhall have it now. You know my little room up ſtairs? Beſide my bed, you will find a watch: that ſhall be yours, Clara.

Clara. What! that great kettle of a watch, papa! as old, for aught I know, as King Harry the Eighth. The caſe of it would ſerve

ſerve to hold my little Pompey's breakfaſt of bread and milk.

Mr. Ford. It is a very good one, I aſſure you; and was all the faſhion at the time it was made, for ſo my father told me. When he died, I found it with the reſt of his effects, and was reſolved to keep it for myſelf. But ſince I put it into your poſſeſſion, I conſider that it will not leave the family; and, as I ſhall often ſee it at your ſide, it will ſtill ſerve to remind me of my father.

Clara. Yes; but what will people ſay, who are but ten years younger than my grandpapa would be at preſent.

Mr. Ford. Juſt the thing I expected! You perceive, the motive of utility which you inſiſted on juſt now with ſuch importance, was merely a pretext to hide your vanity; for this ſame watch would do you all the ſervice that you could poſſibly derive from one enriched with diamonds. Why take up your thoughts with what the world may ſay concerning you? However, in this caſe they will applaud your judgment, which could chuſe a watch for real ſervice, not for empty appearance.

Clara.

Clara. But, papa, why hinder me from having ſuch a watch, as will at once be ſtrong, and make a handſome appearance?

Mr. Ford. You ſuppoſe, then, that would make you happy?

Clara. Yes; quite happy.

Mr. Ford. I could wiſh that my fortune were ſufficient to convince you, by experience, how fallacious is the happineſs proceeding from ſuch trifles. Look you; I would lay whatever wager you thought proper, that before a fortnight were well over, you would hardly caſt a look upon your watch; that in a month you would forget to wind it up, and very quickly after ceaſe to keep it in a better ſtate of order than your own ideas.

Clara. Do not talk of wagers, papa! You would be ſure to loſe!

Mr. Ford. No, I will not lay; not that I apprehend I ſhould come off the loſer, but becauſe a trial would be neceſſary, which might coſt you dear as long as you live.

Clara. So then you think, papa, that a handſome watch would only make me miſerable?

Mr.

Mr. Ford. Think ſo, Clara? I am ſure it would have that effect; for all our happineſs on earth conſiſts in being ſatisfied with ſuch a ſituation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition in the world ſo humble, or ſo elevated, but a vain ambition in it may induce us to imagine ourſelves in want of every thing that our neighbour poſſeſſes. It is ambition that torments the huſbandman, however eaſy in his circumſtances, and inclines him to behold his neighbour's field with envy, while it ſtimulates the maſter of a mighty empire, and perſuades him that ſome province bordering on his realm is wanting to complete the figure of its boundary. Thence ſpring thoſe cruel wars which princes carry on to deſolate their people; and thoſe law-ſuits in which individuals are engaged, or thoſe quarrels that diſgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miſs Richmond that you mentioned juſt now, when you were looking at the handſome watch that ſhe diſplayed at her ſide? Did you feel within your boſom that alacrity of friendſhip, ſtill ſubſiſting in her favour, which you once cheriſhed? Think, would you

you have done her, at that moment, any ſervice, or at leaſt with equal joy as yeſterday? That ſecret enmity with which her watch inſpired you againſt her, would not ſuch a watch inſpire your friend, or very poſſibly your ſiſters, with the ſame againſt you alſo? Think then, for how deſpicable an enjoyment you would break the deareſt ties of friendſhip and alliance, and the affection which nature plants within us! Who would think herſelf happy upon ſuch conditions?

Clara. O papa, you make me ſhudder!

Mr. Ford. Then, my ſweet Clara, entertain no more of theſe unreaſonable wiſhes; they cannot but deſtroy your happineſs. What is there wanting, that you can find really uſeful, in the ſituation which Providence allots you? Have you not good food in plenty? and convenient raiment for the various ſeaſons of the year? Does not my love provide you maſters to improve your underſtanding, while I form your heart, and do my utmoſt to endue you with thoſe ſeveral accompliſhments that will in future make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it ſeems, at preſent, a gold watch

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enriched with diamonds! Should I get you ſuch a watch, how would you look to-morrow upon your falſe pearl ear-rings? Would you leave off teazing me, till I had bought you real pearls? Nor would this be all; for you would then want foreign lace, fine ſilks, and waiting-women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, like others, through the ſtreets, when they are pompouſly ſet out from head to foot; but muſt have footmen, faſhionable carriages, and high-bred horſes. You would want all theſe, and having once obtained them, would be fit indeed to go to operas and aſſemblies, or pay viſits at the houſes of our firſt-rate quality; but to receive them in your turn, you muſt poſſeſs a ſplendid habitation, and give ſumptuous entertainments. Conſider then, if I ſhould ſatisfy your firſt caprice, how many wants would follow! They would every day go on increaſing, till in conſequence of having wiſhed to riſe above your ſtation in one article of luxury, you would, perhaps, come to want the neceſſary things of life. Look round about you, and obſerve how many ſuffer real indigence at preſent, who ſo lately, as I may ſay, as yeſterday, were waſting

ing an eſtate ſufficient for their happineſs. Reflect what very probably would be your caſe, and that too of your ſiſters, if my great affection for you did not, as it does at preſent, turn theſe ſad examples into matters of inſtruction! I have frequently been tired while I was walking through the ſtreets upon my buſineſs. A good carriage would have eaſed my fatigue, as much as it would have flattered my vanity. By allotting to the purchaſe of a coach the money that I lay out on your education, maintenance and amuſements, I might poſſibly be rolling in it for a time; but in the end, what would my fortune be, and yours? I ſhould behold you every day ſink deeper than the day before into ſtupidity, and have no reaſon to expect from you, in my old age, thoſe cares which I had refuſed your childhood. For a few ſhort years, conſumed in all the inſolence of luxury, I ſhould be doomed to languiſh out the remnant of my life in that well merited contempt which a guilty poverty draws after it. With what aſſurance could I think to anſwer at the judgment-ſeat of God, for the omiſſion of thoſe duties towards you, which the will of Providence im-

impoſes upon every father; when I ſhould have nothing to leave you for your inheritance but the ſad example of my guilty conduct? I ſhould then finiſh my life in the convulſions of remorſe, deſpair, and terror; and your curſes might even execrate my aſhes.

O! papa, cried Clara, embracing him, how fooliſhly have I been wiſhing! But no watch ſet with diamonds now! On the contrary, if I had one, I would inſtantly return it.

Mr. Ford was rejoiced to ſee his daughter ſo open to reaſon and perſuaſion, and embraced her with the greateſt heart-felt ſatisfaction.

From that happy moment, Clara reſumed her former gaiety; and whenever afterwards ſhe ſaw any of her little friends make boaſt of precious ſtones, or other ornaments about them, was inclined much rather to take pity on their vanity, than to look on them with the ſlighteſt envy.

A TRI-

A TRIFLING PLEASURE EXCHANGED FOR ONE MUCH GREATER.

Mrs. Darley, and her daughters Celia, Harriet, and Louiſa.

Louiſa. DO you ſee, mama, we are ready? I could wiſh the boat were come.

Mrs. Darley. A little patience! It is not ſix yet. And till the watermen appear, I think we had beſt walk up and down the garden.

Harriet. Yes, yes; up and down the path that leads directly to the water. When the boat comes, we may then ſtep in, ſit down, and off directly. (*They force their mother towards the walk.*)

Celia. Dear mama! how fine a morning! one can hardly ſee a cloud. And look how bright the ſun makes the water; juſt as if it were full of diamonds. We ſhall have a great deal of pleaſure, and be very happy to ſee our good nurſe.

Mrs. Darley. And ſhe will be as happy, I am ſure, to ſee you likewiſe.

A trifling Pleasure exchang'd
for one much greater

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
MAR

Harriet. Pray mama, how far does Maria live from this place?

Mrs. Darley. We ſhall be at leaſt an hour upon the water; and then we ſhall have almoſt another hour's walk; for Maria's houſe is at a good diſtance from the water.

Harriet. Charming! charming! we ſhall have a better appetite for breakfaſt. And when breakfaſt is over, tell us how ſhall we divert ourſelves, mama?

Mrs. Darley. We will take a turn or two, if you think proper, in a grove that is near the houſe. And there you may amuſe yourſelves, and not be interrupted; run about, catch butterflies, and let them go again.

Celia. Let me conduct you, ſiſters. I have been there before with my mama; and I will take you to a little pond, ſo clear that any one may ſee the gravel at the bottom.

Mrs. Darley. Right. I wonder that I forgot the pond. We will ſit beſide it in the ſhade, and read a little book that I have taken care to put into my pocket.

Harriet. What! a ſtory-book, mama? And will it make us laugh?

Mrs. Darley. You ſhall ſee.

Celia.

Celia. But pray, mama, do not let us come from nurſe's till the moon is up; and then you will ſing us that ſweet ſong, you know, that makes one cry ſo much. To be by moon-light on the water, and hear ſuch a ſong, muſt be delightful, ſure!

Harriet, (*who has run a little forward during this laſt ſpeech.*) The boat! the boat! I ſee it coming. Where is Louiſa? At the bottom of the garden, when the boat ſtays for us!—Louiſa, (*running towards her*) the boat! the boat!

Louiſa, (*coming up.*) The boat? that is charming!—However, give me each of you a ſix-pence: there is a woman and a poor old man, with four ſmall children, at the garden-gate, to whom I will take the money, with a ſix-pence of my own. I ſhall not detain you long.

Mrs. Darley. Where did you meet with theſe poor people?

Louiſa. At the gate below: the gardener opened it to throw out ſome weeds that he had been raking up juſt before. I put my head out, to obſerve if any one was going by, and two poor children came up to me. O mama, how tattered! and how hungry they

they both ſeemed! there were two other children, not far off, as little as my brother Paul.

Mrs. Darley. Come, we will go and ſee them.

Louiſa. Yes, yes, that we will. I bade them wait till I returned with ſomething for them. (*They all go together towards the garden door, and enter into converſation with them. The old man is ſeated on a ſtone; the woman leans againſt the palliſadoes, with a ſucking infant in her arms. A girl about ten years old has one a little older than the infant; and a boy is picking up the pebbles for amuſement.*)

Mrs. Darley, (*aſide.*) What a piteous ſight! (*Aloud*) Poor woman! you can hardly ſtand. Sit down upon this ſtone. Whence come you, pray?

The Poor Woman. From Portſmouth, my good lady. I was married to a fiſherman. One night they preſſed him, and he ſerved two years on board a man of war. He came home almoſt dying with the ſcurvy. He had loſt his ſtrength, and could not work. I was obliged to ſell his nets, that I might buy him phyſic; but his illneſs laſted very long. Our creditors laid hold of every thing

that we had; and as we could not pay our debts, our landlord turned us out of doors. A neighbour, very nearly as diſtreſſed as we were, took us in, and robbed his children of a part of what they had to eat, that we might not be left to periſh. Being brought to ſuch a diſtreſſed ſituation, I fell ill with grief; and ſhortly after, my poor huſband died. As ſoon as I was a little better, I reſolved to be no further burthenſome to my good benefactor, but ſet out to ſeek aſſiſtance from a worthy lady with whom I once lived as ſervant, at Epſom. We are ſtill a great way from it; and I do not know how we ſhall be able to reach it. I am not able to go any further.

Mrs. Darley. And who may that poor man be?

The Poor Woman. He is my father, madam. He has lived a great while with us; and I thought I ſhould have been in circumſtances to have ſtill provided for him, but I am diſappointed in my hopes. Alas! his ſituation adds to my affliction. Having neither ſhoes nor ſtockings, he was walking yeſterday acroſs a common, and unfortunately a thorn run into his foot. I took it out; but his fatigue has grievouſly inflamed the

the wound: his leg is now quite ſwelled, and he can hardly touch the ground, it gives him ſo much pain; for heaven's ſake, my good lady, have the charity to give me two or three old rags to wrap the wound up when I have waſhed it, and a bit of bread for theſe poor children.

Mrs. Darley. You ſhall have whatever you want. I will go up into the houſe, and ſee what I have that I can give you. In the mean time come into the garden, and ſit down on theſe four chairs. (*She takes her daughters, who had all the while been liſtening to the woman's converſation, and goes up the garden with them. Celia had expreſſed her pity at the tale, by ſhedding tears: Louiſa, by dividing into equal parts among the little ones, a bit of cake that ſhe had provided for her journey, as refreſhment by the way: and Harriet, by relieving her that had the infant, of her burthen, as ſhe ſeemed quite exhauſted.*)

Mrs. Darley, (*in converſation with her daughters, while they are walking towards the houſe.*) Well, children, what think you of theſe ſix poor people? Run you, Celia, with your ſiſter, to the cook, and help her to prepare them ſomething for their breakfaſt. I

will pay a viſit to your father's wardrobe, and get linen, ſhoes, and ſtockings for the poor old man. I am ſorry that I can be of no great ſervice to them.

Celia. Indeed, it will be no great matter for them in their ſituation. Do not you recollect, they are ſtill to walk as far as Epſom? They muſt go very ſlowly, as the old man is lame. If then they ſhould be taken ill upon the road?—Mama, you are very charitable to the poor; ſuppoſe you were to let them have a little money that they may go by ſome waggon, and have a trifle over, to ſupply them when they come to Epſom, until they find the lady that they mention?

Mrs. Darley. Do you know me then ſo little, my dear Celia, as to think that I ſhould not have this notion of myſelf, if I were able? But alas! it is no way in my power; for you are ſenſible we are not rich. I cannot poſſibly afford them as much as would be neceſſary for their relief in that way.

Celia. If what we have were ſufficient?

Harriet. We would give it to them with all our hearts.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darley. And how much have you?

Celia. I have—let me ſee—one, two, three, four, and ſix-pence, and theſe half-pence, four and ten-pence.

Harriet. I have half-a-crown.

Mrs. Darley. And you, Louiſa?

Louiſa. I have nothing left me; I had ſix-pence juſt this moment, but I ſlipt it into the poor man's hand.

Mrs. Darley. You have then, you two, but ſeven and ſix-pence nearly; which is half enough to pay their carriage. I can think of but one way to complete the money.

Celia. And what is that, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I do not know how to mention it.

Harriet. Why not?

Louiſa. Fear nothing; let us know it.

Mrs. Darley. The excurſion that we intend to make to-day, I have promiſed you a long time: it is to recompenſe your good behaviour; and believe me, I have denied myſelf, this month paſt, many things, that I might ſave as much as it will coſt us; for you know we muſt not only pay for the boat, but when we reach a town, we muſt

lay out a little to give Maria, as a preſent, for the expence that we put her to in treating us. This money is in my purſe; but I conſider it belongs to you, and leave you to employ it at your pleaſure. Should we add it to your pocket-money, there would be then a ſufficiency to have a cart for theſe poor people, and to procure them victuals until they reach Epſom: but the ſacrifice, I muſt acknowledge, is too great. I dare not recommend it. Our long wiſhed for day's excurſion would be loſt this year.

Louiſa. Dear me!

Mrs. Darley. To ſay the truth, I ſhall myſelf be ſorry it were loſt. So run, Louiſa, and tell the waterman that we are coming.

Louiſa. Preſently, mama. (*She ſtops, and views her ſiſters with concern.*)

Harriet. What ſhall we do?

Celia. For my part, I know what I would do.

Harriet. And I, too, were it not for poor Louiſa.

Louiſa. Oh! do not pity me! I am only grieved upon Maria's account: but I will write to her by the coach that goes at nine.

Celia,

Celia, (*joyfully.*) Well then, mama, we are all of us agreed. So take our money, and let theſe poor people have it.

Mrs. Darley. But perhaps you have not thought enough. Reflect how fine a day it is; and what pleaſure you would have.

Celia. But I ſhall have no pleaſure when I think that I am ſailing at my eaſe, while ſix poor people drag along the road, juſt ready to drop down with wearineſs, becauſe I had no pity on them.

Harriet. Are they not the ſame as we are? They will certainly have enough to ſuffer before they die, and we ſhould not grudge them the ſmall aſſiſtance that we can give them.

Mrs. Darley. Do you ſay nothing, Louiſa?

Louiſa. I was thinking all the while, mama, that our pleaſure is not loſt; for we ſhall follow them a mile or two, while they are riding in the cart, which will be ſtill a walk for us, and very pleaſant.

Mrs. Darley, (*embracing them.*) O my lovely children! How rejoiced I am to find that you have ſuch feeling and compaſſion! You will never want enjoyments in the

world, ſince you can turn your diſappointments into pleaſures. Come then, we will not loſe a moment's time in having this enjoyment.

(*Mrs. Darley now goes in, and ſends a ſervant out to pay the watermen. The three young children go and come between the houſe and garden, with aſſiſtance for the man, the woman, and her children; Celia helps the woman, while ſhe tends the old man's wound, and Harriet and Louiſa give the children victuals; after which they all return to their mama.*)

Harriet. Ah, my dear mama! you ſhould have ſeen with how much eagerneſs and joy the children looked at both Louiſa and myſelf, when we were come with milk and bread to feed them! They all crouded about their mother, looked up in her face, and were ſo glad that they did not know what to do!

Louiſa. For my part, I began to be afraid they would have eat me up, ſo famiſhed were they, and deſirous to be eating!

Celia. Sure, mama, the elder girl muſt be a charming child. She would not touch a bit till ſhe had made her little brother eat, who is too young as yet to feed himſelf.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darley. Poor thing! ſhe is greatly to be pitied. If the care of looking to the little ones be always laid upon her, ſhe will have no opportunity of getting any thing like knowledge, and be very miſerable all her life-time; whereas, had ſhe the means of learning ſome buſineſs, ſhe might prove of ſervice to her mother, and aſſiſt her in bringing up the others.

Louiſa. Well, mama, do one thing for her. Let her ſtay with us. I will teach her whatever I know myſelf. She will be able very ſoon to knit and ſew, when ſhe may ſell her her work, and ſend the money to her mother.

Harriet. No bad thought, mama, I take it.

Celia. Yes; do us this pleaſure, pray mama; for what a pity that the poor girl ſhould come to want, merely for not knowing how to work at any buſineſs, like the poor old woman that we all know. She would then turn beggar, and receive no benefit from what we are now doing for her.

Mrs. Darley. But do you know, my dear, what you would undertake? Reflect a little.

Celia. Why, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I will tell you why. If we ſhould take this girl into the houſe, we muſt give her clothes. I cannot go to the expence, unleſs you are willing that I ſhall take a little from *your* dreſs, and make up by that means what it will coſt. And ſo, inſtead of thoſe ſilk ſlips that I meant to give you very ſhortly, you muſt be content with linen gowns, or perhaps ſtuff, and have no feathers or Italian flowers upon your head; nothing but a ribband round your hat.

Celia. And yet, mama, I told Miſs Raby and her ſiſter Kitty that I ſhould very ſhortly have a fine ſilk ſlip as good as theirs.

Harriet. A linen gown will never look ſo well as one of ſilk, will it, pray?

Mrs. Darley. Certainly it will not.

Harriet, (*having thought a little.*) But if that will not become me ſo well as ſilk would, the poor girl will make a much worſe figure in her rags.

Celia. And then, if ſhe continues thus half uncovered much longer, ſhe may run the riſque of being taken ill, beſides the inconveniences that want of clean clothing may bring upon her; for you know, mama,

you have often told me how unwholeſome dirty clothes are.

Mrs. Darley. Yes, indeed, I have; but you, Louiſa, what ſay you to my propoſal? Should you like to put a ſtuff gown on?

Louiſa. Oh! very much, mama. One jumps the better for it. I remember what the *Children's Friend* ſaid lately in the ſtory of poor Matilda, whoſe fine clothes occaſioned her ſo much anxiety, when ſhe was out a walking with her little friends, and ſought to mortify them with the ſight of her ſilk ſlip, embroidered ſhoes, and frizzled head of hair.

Mrs. Darley. Well then, we are likely, I perceive, to fix on ſomething; and yet this is not the whole. Louiſa, it was you that firſt offered to inſtruct the little girl in ſewing; and of courſe I ought to give the preference to you in ſuch a charge; but then you muſt confeſs yourſelf a deal too giddy for it, and beſides not qualified entirely. Neither I or Celia can pretend to undertake it, as the buſineſs of the houſe already takes up our attention. Well then, Harriet, I give that employment to you.

Harriet. Thank you, dear mama.

Mrs. Darley. Wait ſome few days, however, till you thank me. You can hardly gueſs what patience you will need to go through the employ. I know you, Harriet; you are ſometimes very haſty; and at firſt you muſt expect that the little girl will hardly comprehend your meaning. You will beat her perhaps; if you do ſo, I ſhall then be forced, againſt my will, to puniſh you. Well, dare you promiſe me that you will never let your peeviſh diſpoſition get the better of you?

Harriet. I muſt ſay the truth, mama, that is what I cannot promiſe: I ſuppoſe, you recollect the other day when you reproved me. I could then have laid my life that I ſhould never do the ſame again; but you had hardly left the room, when poor Louiſa went to put her ſtockings on, and broke a ſtitch that ran from top to bottom. I had ſo much work to take it up again, I fell into a paſſion, and even beat her. I was quite aſhamed a moment after; but it was done, and could not be mended then.

Mrs. Darley. It is ſingular, indeed, that children who have need themſelves of ſuch indul-

indulgence, ſhould have none for others! Truly, you would make a pretty figure in ſociety if I were never to correct you for this fault.

Harriet. I wiſh for nothing half ſo much as to be cured of it.

Celia. For my part, dear mama, I think no method can be half ſo good for ſuch a purpoſe, as to truſt her with this office.

Harriet. I may quarrel with my ſiſter, ſince ſhe is not my debtor: but depend upon it, I will be much more patient and good-natured with my ſcholar, otherwiſe ſhe might imagine that I was grieved for having been of ſervice to her.

Mrs. Darley. And, dear Celia, you muſt have an eye to ſee that they do things properly.

Celia. Yes, yes, mama, I will be the inſpector general.

Mrs. Darley. Come, then, let us make haſte, and carry our poor people this good news. I hope their joy will both encourage and reward your kindneſs.

CAROLINE.

THE amiable little Caroline, of whom I have ſpoken once or twice before, went out to Hampſtead for a few weeks with her mama. She had taken ſome new ſhoes for wear during her ſtay there; but by dint of running about in the garden, which was the uſual ſcene of her play, they were all very ſoon out at the toes. Her mama bought her a pair for the preſent in the village, and having occaſion for ſome herſelf, ſent orders to her ſhoe-maker in town to make her a few pair, and to bring them up to Hampſtead himſelf. The man came in a few days, and when Caroline's mother had tried hers, ſhe ſent for the little girl to have her meaſure taken; but ſhe was not to be found. The ſervants went to ſeek for her in the garden, the pleaſure-ground, and all the rooms in the houſe: but no Caroline. The ſhoe-maker, after waiting a conſiderable time, went away; and he had not been gone many minutes, before, all of a ſudden, Miſs Caroline made her appearance.

Where

Where have you been my dear? ſaid her mother. Behind the curtain, mama, in your bed-chamber, anſwered ſhe.

But why did you hide yourſelf child? Becauſe the ſhoe-maker was here.

Well, are you frightened at the ſight of your ſhoe-maker? No, mama, but he would have ſeen, by my ſhoes, that they were not of his making. All that I could ſay would have been of no ſervice. He would have thought that I had taken away my cuſtom from him. Poor Mr. Vamp, how grieved he would have been!

THE WILD GEESE.

LITTLE Richard Delaval one morning ſaw a great number of wild geeſe flying through the air; and was aſtoniſhed at the height and order of their progreſs.

Look, papa, ſaid Richard, you take care to feed your geeſe, but pray who feeds theſe wild geeſe?

Mr.

Mr. Delaval. Nobody, my dear.

Richard. Then how do they live?

Mr. Delaval. By ſeeking food themſelves; you ſee they have wings.

Richard. So have our geeſe that walk about the poultry-yard. Why do not they fly?

Mr. Delaval. Becauſe all creatures that are once made tame, degenerate, as we ſay, or loſe a great deal of their ſtrength and inſtinct.

Richard. Luckily they are not very badly off; for Martha gives them as much food as they want.

Mr. Delaval. It is true, ſhe feeds them regularly: but I need tell you why;—that we may eat them, when they are fat: but the wild geeſe have no danger of this ſort hanging over them. As they get food without aſſiſtance, they enjoy the privileges of their freedom: and thus it is too among mankind. He that ſhould without a bluſh rely entirely on the care and forethought of another for his maintenance, would loſe his birth-right, and be forced to ſell himſelf for bread; while he, who on the other hand pro-

provides for what he wants, acquires new faculties, and is abundantly ſupported. Not that we ſhould live apart from one another, or be wholly occupied upon ourſelves; for on the contrary, theſe birds, by whoſe behaviour I would have you regulate your conduct, form among themſelves a regular ſociety. They ſit upon the eggs, and nurſe the young ones of ſuch mothers as have loſt their lives by any accident. They likewiſe aid each other in their long and painful flights. They take their ſtation in the front, by turns, to guide the flock, and regulate their flight. Now, Richard, you muſt know, theſe ſorts of geeſe originally formed but one. Such difference will a different way of life effect in every creature!

Richard. O papa! no creeping in a poultry-yard for me! Give me thoſe that enjoy their liberty, and fly wherever they pleaſe.

MATILDA.

YOU remember, my dear little friends, the raging heat that made laſt ſummer ſo remarkable. I recollect it, I aſſure you, to my ſorrow; ſince by having an effect upon my health, it hindered me, for many weeks, from ſatisfying your impatience to hear from me. To indemnify you, therefore, for ſo tedious, though unwilling a delay, I ſhall relate an intereſting circumſtance which happened when that heat was at the greateſt.

I went down to Windſor on a viſit to a lady, who inſtils ſuch excellent principles into her children as juſtify the choice that was made of her mother to ſuperintend the education of a certain auguſt family. We were all engaged in innocent amuſement, when a furious ſtorm began to riſe: the thunder rolled above us with a dreadful noiſe, and ſhook the houſe to its very foundation, while the lightning ſeemed as if it would conſume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not help being frightened. There were heard cries

cries and ſhrieks proceeding from a chamber-maid in one of the apartments. In the midſt of this confuſion, little Matilda diſappeared. Her noble mother, who was paſſing from one chamber to another, ſaw her kneeling in a corner.

The Mother. What are you about there, my dear child?

Matilda. Oh, nothing, nothing.

The Mother. Are you frightened at the ſtorm?

Matilda. Oh, no, mama. You have inſtructed me yourſelf, if you remember, not to fear the thunder; and you ſaw juſt now I was not in the leaſt afraid.

The Mother. And why then were you kneeling?

Matilda. I obſerved Eliza tremble; I heard Kitty cry; and that made me unhappy. I was praying therefore for them, and for every one that is afraid of thunder.

BACKGAMMON.

MR. PARKER had been buying, for his children, Anthony and Sylvia, what they call a draft-board, and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red Morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not know, as yet, both games; they were a little ſkilled in drafts; but then backgammon was all Greek or Hebrew to them; ſo they begged their dear papa to give them ſome inſtruction in it. Mr. Parker, who was always ready to make one in their diverſions, undertook the taſk with pleaſure; and by turns, ſat down with both, while he that was not in the game, looked on for improvement.

I ſhall not detain you with deſcribing how they reckoned up the pips upon the dice when they had thrown them, by the aſſiſtance of their fingers; or the blunders that they were every minute making. I chuſe rather to inform you, that in little better than a month, they underſtood backgammon tolerably well; and could ſit down and play with one another. Sylvia bent her ſtudy to ſecure the hit; but Anthony, much

much more ambitious, would be ſatisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their papa, one day, ſtood by, while they were playing.—After ſome bad throws, Anthony loſt all temper, and his moves, of courſe, were very injudicious; but his ſiſter, who was calm and ſteady, carried every thing before her.

Anthony, like other players, while he ſhook the dice-box, did not fail to name the points that he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adverſary. *Cinq* and *quatre*, cried he! *Size* and *tray!* but in vain: they would not come; and it was always deuce, ace, or cinq deuce, or ſomething to the full as bad, that turned up in their ſtead. He ſtamped upon the ground, or when he threw the dice, was ſo outrageous, as to fling the dice-box after, crying out, Was ever any thing ſo croſs-grained and unlucky? one would think the matter were contrived to ſpite me!

Sylvia, on the other hand, when ſhe, in throwing, called for ſuch a number as ſhe wanted, and was diſappointed, far from giving way to uſeleſs lamentation, thought within herſelf what *move* would be the moſt

judicious, after her bad throw; and frequently her father was ſurpriſed to ſee how ſhe would make amends for want of luck, and in an inſtant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worſted.

And whenever victory declared for her with all the honours of a triumph, ſhe would conſtantly and modeſtly avoid the glory of her conqueſt; while poor Anthony, aſhamed of being beaten, durſt not lift his eyes up. Upon one of theſe occaſions, when his father had been ſtanding by, and noticed his bad playing, he addreſſed him to the following purport: Anthony, you have richly merited to loſe this game.

Anthony. And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing with a perſon that is conſtantly ſo lucky.

Mr. Parker. It would ſeem then, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing, at ſuch a game as this?

Anthony. No, papa; but when one has ſuch throws as—

Mr. Parker. It was ſcarcely poſſible that your throws ſhould benefit you, when you played

played your men ſo injudiciouſly, and Sylvia with ſo much attention: but you talk of having had ſuch throws, and there your fault lies; for you paid attention to your ſiſter's dice, inſtead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as ſhe did. What would be your notions of a gardener, who without conſulting the variety of ſeaſons, ſhould conduct himſelf by chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not ſo good or plentiful as his neighbour's, who had been attentive to all circumſtances in the proſecution of his labour.

Anthony. O papa, that is very different.

Mr. Parker. And in what, pray? let me know.

Anthony. I cannot well anſwer you in that. I think it ſo, however.

Mr. Parker. I am aſhamed, on your account, to ſee you have recourſe to ſuch poor ſhifts as little minds employ, when they reſolve before hand to ſupport their cauſe; for tell me, have you really diſcerned in my compariſon any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the ſubject of which we are ſpeaking?

Anthony.

Anthony. To ſay the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worſted in the argument.

Mr. Parker. You may ſee, then, what you get by ſuch evaſions. You were only to be blamed for wanting judgment; and you added inſtantly thereto what is much more to be condemned, a want of juſtice. By uſing ſuch a pitiful ſubterfuge againſt an adverſary of common ſenſe, do you think that he will become its dupe, and yield you up the conqueſt? Never. He will ſee the folly of it firſt, and afterwards the meanneſs. You will find, you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not *his* only, but your own.

Anthony. I hope, papa, I have not made you angry, that you ſpeak ſo to me?

Mr. Parker. You are ſenſible that I never ſpare reproof, when I ſee any thing that leads, however round-about, to meanneſs or injuſtice. Such a leſſon you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of affection, that another may not have occaſion to beſtow it on you from moroſeneſs. The confeſſion which you firſt

firſt made me, of not having once conſidered what you ſpoke, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of mind, perſuades me that you will never want another leſſon of the kind.—Embrace me, my dear fellow.

Anthony. Oh with all my heart! I know, papa, you ſave me many mortifying minutes.

Mr. Parker. I can hit upon no other way of doing ſo, than this of giving you inſtruction; but at preſent, let us come to the compariſon that I inſtanced; and I hope we ſhall be no leſs able to derive improvement from it, than to illuſtrate what we were ſpeaking of before.

Anthony. Let us ſee then, papa: I promiſe I will not ſeek to contradict you: but, provided I obſerve it vary in the leaſt from what you meant it to explain, you give me leave in that caſe ——

Mr. Parker. I deſire no gentler treatment. I ſhall be rejoiced to have you give me juſter notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational ſelf-love finds ſatisfaction, even in confeſſing its miſtakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unfeigned reſpect for truth, a veneration for reciprocal

or mutual juſtice; and that reaſon, which can ſpring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never ſtumbling.

Anthony. Ah, papa! I ſee, I muſt this long while keep a tight rein on mine.

Mr. Parker. You muſt; but looſen *that* at leaſt of your imagination, ſo that you may follow while I ſhew the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon ſhould purſue the conduct of a ſkilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavours to procure his tree a handſome looking trunk, and make ſuch diſpoſition of the branches, as may get him the moſt fruit, the other is employed in bringing up his men in ſuch a manner, that whatever points he throws, he may be able to fill up his tables, more or leſs. Thoſe points depend no more upon the one, than the variety of ſeaſons on the other; but what equally depends on both, is this: that they ſhould be upon their guard, in conſequence of theſe uncertainties, and not expoſe the object for which they are labouring, without precaution on their part. The order of a game has many favourable and unfavourable turns, as has the order of the ſeaſons

ſons many beneficial and malignant influences. Now the lucky chances, I may ſay, have a reſemblance to thoſe kindly heats which introduce fertility; and the unlucky to thoſe nipping winds in ſummer, that are obſtacles to vegetation. The great point is to foreſee theſe changes. He that plays, is with diſcretion to run ſome few riſques, when nothing need be feared from his adverſary, but to ſtand upon his guard whenever he is in force; and he that plants is to expoſe his tree, that it may have the beneficial influence of the ſun, when all the elements are mixed in kindly union; but to defend it when the weather happens to grow ſtormy.

Anthony. Very well, papa; things hitherto ſquare marvellouſly well: but at backgammon, a good player, you are ſenſible, not only profits by his own dexterity, but is the better for his adverſary's want of judgment, and the faults that he makes; whereas the gardener, if he plays a game, muſt play it by himſelf in your compariſon.

Mr. Parker. True, Anthony; but you muſt not expect that a compariſon will take in every object and relation: mine is limited to thoſe I have mentioned.

Anthony. Do you think ſo? Well then, I will proceed a little further with it, if you pleaſe, papa. I look on all the gardeners of the village, as if playing with each other, to determine which ſhall bring the beſt and greateſt quantity of fruit to market. He that plays moſt ſkilfully, will do ſo; and of courſe diſpoſe of it at higher prices, if the reſt, through ignorance and inattention, ſhall have leſs or worſe to ſell; and conſequently he will win the game.

Mr. Parker. Well argued, Anthony! You now ſee, I hope, what advantages one may derive from entering into rational debate, where neither party ſeeks to lay a ſnare to catch the other, and to ſatisfy his miſerable vanity, but where both wiſh to give reciprocal inſtruction, by an interchange of what they know reſpectively. I only ſaw one face belonging to the object which I exhibited to your conſideration; but exciting your attention towards it, I have furniſhed you with the occaſion of diſcovering one that had eſcaped me, and which very likely may enable me, in my turn, to diſcern ſome other that it may ſtill poſ-

ſeſs.

ſeſs. Men have obtained no ſort of knowledge otherwiſe than by aſſembling and comparing thoſe ideas with which meditation has ſupplied them, in cultivating any branch of ſcience. I compare them to as many lamps, that ſhould be placed to burn before reflectors of a thouſand different ſurfaces, but every one reverberating to a common center. It is the bundle of theſe rays, ſome far more brilliant than the reſt indeed, but ſtrengthened all by one another, that makes up that glare of light collected in the focus of their union. I ſhall really be glad, if you inure yourſelf betimes, Anthony, to conſider all the objects of which you would judge, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your underſtanding; by contraſting them with one another, and remarking, in this contraſt, every circumſtance by which they may reſemble, or be foreign to each other. This ſame method is moſt natural and ſure. It is a method which *they* have followed, who, by exerciſing their imagination, have attained to the ſublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, a Milton; who, by ſtudying the affections of the hu-

man heart, have made themſelves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or Shakeſpeare; who, by riſing to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke; who, by inveſtigating nature, have acquired the praiſes of an Ariſtotle, a Buffon, an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form ſocieties, have been a Monteſquieu, a Mably, a Rouſſeau, a Blackſtone; and in ſhort, who by pervading the myſterious order of the planetary ſyſtem, have tranſmitted to us, together with the benefit of their reſearches, the illuſtrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly, of a Newton: men all famous in the different ſciences to which their genius led them, and whoſe names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wiſh of ſtudying the immortal labours they have left behind them.

TOM

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
MAR

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TOM AND HIS DOG.

TOM was the ſon of an unfortunate day-labourer, a very honeſt man, but ſo poor,—ſo very poor, that he had nothing in the world, but the tools with which he gained his miſerable ſubſiſtence. A long ſickneſs of his wife, by which ſhe had at length died, had juſt completed his ruin. He would have ſunk under ſo many misfortunes, had he not felt it neceſſary to ſupport himſelf for the ſake of his child, whom he loved extremely; as he was good, teachable, and of the happieſt diſpoſition.

Little Tom was going one day by the door of a great houſe, when a ſervant ſpied him, and calling him into the court, aſked if he ſhould like to earn ſix-pence? Very gladly, ſaid the poor boy, but what muſt I do for it?

Servant. Take one of our dogs, tie a ſtone to his neck, and throw him into the river.

Tom. Why do you want to kill him? Has he bit any body?

Servant. No; that is not the reaſon. Come with me, and I will ſhew you what it is. So ſaying, he took him into the coach-houſe, where in a corner, on ſome ſtraw, he ſaw a little dog, that ſeemed to have hardly a ſpark of life left in him: he had loſt his hair, and his whole body was eaten up by the mange.

Tom. Oh, poor fellow! he is in a very miſerable way.

Servant. That is the reaſon why my miſtreſs wiſhes to get rid of him. There are other dogs about the houſe, and ſhe is afraid they may catch his diſtemper. So if you have a mind to get your ſix-pence, you have nothing to do but to take and drown him. For my own part, I would not touch him for a crown.

Tom. But muſt I certainly throw him in the river? Perhaps he may recover.

Servant. There ſeems very little chance of that. My lady's phyſician has given him over.

Tom. Never mind that. It is always worth while to try,

Ser-

Servant. As you like for that. Do what you will with him, only let us get rid of him.

Tom. Shall I have the ſix-pence, all the ſame?

Servant. Oh, you are mercenary.

Tom. I do not want it for myſelf, but for him. If I was rich, I could do without it: but I am poor; I cannot always get bread for myſelf; and he ought not to go without, now he is ſick.

Servant. Come then; the bargain is made. There is your ſix-pence.

Tom ſaw an old baſket hanging in an out-houſe, and begged to have it; into that he put the dog with ſome ſtraw under him, and haſtened to his father, who was at work in a place at ſome diſtance. As he went, he now and then turned his eyes towards the baſket, and the diſguſting ſight of his little patient made him ſhudder; but at the ſame time it moved his pity. Poor little fellow, ſaid he, you muſt ſuffer very much! How ſorry I am for you! What would I give could I be lucky enough to ſave your life! I promiſe you they would never have got me to throw you into the water.

As he paſſed through the village, his firſt care was to buy a little ſoft loaf; and the baker kindly gave him leave to ſoak it in his porridge-pot, to make it the more ſavoury. All that the poor dog was able to do was to lick it with the end of his tongue, but even that a little ſupported the ſtrength of the patient, and the hopes of the little phyſician.

Tom's father was ready to ſcold him for returning later than uſual, but, when he learnt what had detained him, ſo far from being angry, he was delighted to ſee him ſhew ſo tender a diſpoſition, and rewarded him with kind careſſes.

Near the field where he worked was a green meadow, and there Tom took the poor ſhivering dog, and laid him at the foot of a tree, to baſk and warm himſelf in the ſun. His diſorder had been occaſioned merely by over feeding; and as ſoon as the ſun had a little revived him, he crawled along the meadow, ſearching with his noſe for ſuch plants as inſtinct taught him to employ for his cure. He eat ſome of theſe, and immediately found himſelf much better. Tom ſoon after left his work a moment, to

ſee

ſee how he went on, and was ſurpriſed to find him gone from the place where he had left him. Still more pleaſed was he to ſee him on his legs. For a whole week after he took care to carry him every day into the meadow, and at the end of that time the poor animal was perfectly recovered. His appetite was better than it had ever been before.

Tom had already laid out his ſix-pence to ſupport him in his illneſs, and recovery; but when he found him quite in health, he very willingly ſhared his own bread with him. He had given him the name of *Trueman*, and Trueman grew every day more and more handſome. His eyes recovered their loſt luſtre, and his limbs their ſuppleneſs. In a little time his hair came again as ſmooth as ſilk, and of a dazzling white, like ſnow when the ſun ſhines full upon it.

The fame of his beauty ſoon reached the lady at the great houſe, to whom he had formerly belonged, and ſhe ſent her ſervant to offer little Tom two guineas for him, if he choſe to give him up. Oh, no, no, ſaid Tom to the meſſenger, my lady would con-

demn him to the river again, if he happened to fall ſick; but for my part, I ſhall never deſert him. What are your two guineas, compared to the pleaſures I receive from his affection to me? We love each other too much ever to be ſeparated. Tom was in the right: he would not have parted with his dog for a kingdom; but, in return, the dog would not have left him for the ſervice of the greateſt prince on earth. He faithfully attended his ſteps, ſometimes running before him, and playing a thouſand pretty gambols for his amuſement. When Tom had been at work with his father, if he quitted his ſpade for a moment, and ſat down in the ſhade to take a little refreſhment, at the leaſt ſign, Trueman forgot his own purſuits, jumped upon him, and ſtanding on his hinder legs, with his tail wagging rapidly to expreſs his delight, took from his very lips a part of every mouthful of bread. Tom had many hardſhips to go through, but they did not in the leaſt affect him, ſo delighted was he with his little friend, and every day more than the former.

Alas! a great misfortune now hung over them. At the end of autumn the little boy

boy fell dangerouſly ill. His father uſed the little money he had ſaved from his daily labour, to obtain the common remedies for his child; but theſe poor ſavings were very ſoon exhauſted. He then recollected the conſiderable price which the lady of the great houſe had offered, to repurchaſe her dog. Two guineas, in the preſent circumſtances, were all the money in the world to him. He reſolved therefore to repeat the propoſal to his ſon, but Tom no ſooner heard it than he cried out, never, never! and the agitation occaſioned by ſo melancholy an idea, greatly increaſed his fever.

His diſorder grew daily worſe and worſe. To increaſe his torments, a violent cholic was added to the fever, and the poor lad rolled and twiſted himſelf on his little crib, crying out in the moſt piercing manner. His little dog would then come crouching up to him, and give him ſo pitiful a look, as if he would have ſaid, my dear maſter, how I grieve for you. Tom, on his part, looked tenderly upon his dog, and, when he was ſufficiently at eaſe to ſpeak, would ſay, poor Trueman! muſt I then quit you very ſoon? Alas, I ſaved your life, and now you are unable

unable to give me any help. So ſaying, he ſhed a flood of tears, which Trueman licked off as they trickled down his burning cheeks.

There was in the neighbourhood a Mr. Wilmot, a wealthy and compaſſionate man, who heard at length of the illneſs of the boy, and the extreme indigence of the father. He therefore came immediately in perſon, to aſcertain the truth with his own eyes, and to diſcover ſome means of giving aid to this afflicted family.

When this good man arrived at the cottage, poor little Tom was attacked by the moſt violent criſis of the fever. His father was by his ſide, but had given himſelf up to the moſt extreme affliction. Though he had for ſeveral days taken only the very ſlighteſt nouriſhment that could ſupport nature, the hunger that tormented him was far from being the ſevereſt of his ſufferings. The ſight of what his child went through, deſtroyed the ſenſe of what he felt himſelf. He endeavoured to conſole him by careſſes, and was ſupporting his languid head, while the little dog, with his fore paws on the bed, ſometimes howled lamentably, and ſometimes

times tried by little playful tricks to make his maſter give a look or two towards him.

Mr. Wilmot had ſtood for ſome time fixed by this affecting picture of diſtreſs, before he could proceed into the cottage. He forced himſelf at length to advance, and was at the foot of the bed before he was obſerved, and even before the dog had turned round to bark on his approach: and when Tom and his father turned up their eyes towards him in aſtoniſhment, they ſaw that his were already full of tears.—

Oh, my dear friends, ſaid Mr. Wilmot, in how ſad a ſituation do I find you! I am told, Thomas, that you are unable to ſupply the expences of your ſon's illneſs. That has been only for theſe two laſt days, replied Thomas; my means held out till then, but now I have nothing to give up for him, unleſs I ſell this miſerable bed on which he lies. At theſe words, little Tom ſtretched out his trembling hand to touch his dog, and gave a deep ſigh.

Poor child, ſaid Mr. Wilmot, be comforted, I will undertake the care of you. Thomas, added he, addreſſing himſelf to the father, your cottage is damp, and your ſon

can

can have no comfort from it in his ſickneſs; will you truſt him to me? I will take him to my houſe, and have him cured. Will I truſt him! cried Thomas, throwing himſelf at his feet, yes, my good ſir, your charity will bring us both to life again.

Mr. Wilmot raiſed him from the ground, gave the little boy his hand, and immediately went out to give orders for the neceſſary preparations. Half an hour after came a ſtout fellow of a ſervant, who wrapped up little Tom in a warm blanket, and carried him in his arms to Mr. Wilmot's houſe. His father walked beſide him with a countenance, in which hope and joy ſeemed by degrees to efface the marks of long-continued melancholy. As for the faithful Trueman, his behaviour had nothing equivocal in it: he proceeded by jumps, his noſe lifted up to the wind, and his eyes conſtantly fixed upon his young maſter, who from time to time peeped out of his covering to take a look at him.

Thanks to the generoſity of Mr. Wilmot, and the attention of a ſkilful phyſician, little Tom's diſorder was ſoon checked. As long as he continued ill, Trueman was his faithful

and

and conſtant companion. It was in vain to tempt him out of his maſter's room, to take the air a little in the fields; all the ceremony he would ſhew, even to Tom's father, was to attend him to the firſt ſtair when he went away; then he turned himſelf briſkly round, and ran back haſtily into the room, making a thouſand capers round the bed.

In about a fortnight, little Tom was well enough recovered to return home to his father. Mr. Wilmot had new clothed him from head to foot: any other perſon would have had ſome difficulty to make him out in his new apparel, but Trueman's eyes were not ſo eaſily deceived. You may eaſily imagine what was his joy when he ſaw his maſter walk abroad again, and was able to friſk about him as much as he thought proper.

When Thomas received his ſon again in his cottage, the firſt word that came from his lips was the name of Mr. Wilmot. O, my dear child, ſaid he to his ſon, but for that worthy man, I had loſt you for ever. You ſee how happy he has made us. What can we do to expreſs to him our gratitude? Oh, father, ſaid Tom, I have been thinking of

of that already, but I cannot tell you to-day, and ſo ſaying, he turned aſide his head, to conceal the tears which ſtarted on a ſudden from his eyes. He went very early to bed; but ſleep never viſited his eye-lids; he did nothing all night, but turn, and toſs, and ſigh.

The next day his father aſked him what method he had deviſed for re-paying his obligation to Mr. Wilmot. The poor little fellow was unable to make any anſwer, and could only point with his finger at Trueman. Immediately after, he put on his new clothes, and went out, with ſo violent an effort, that it was eaſy to ſee he had exerted all his courage. Trueman followed: never had he been ſo gameſome before. He ſkipped and gamboll'd in a manner which attracted the attention of all paſſengers. Every body envied Tom the happineſs of poſſeſſing ſo delightful a little creature; but the happier Trueman was, the more melancholy was Tom. Alas, ſaid he to him, you would not be ſo rejoiced, if you knew that we are going to part for ever. I choſe rather to ſuffer for want of medicines, than to part with you; I would have loſt my life rather.

rather. But now I muſt give you up to another, or paſs for an ungrateful wretch. Oh my poor Trueman! my poor Trueman!

Full of theſe melancholy reflections, he arrived at Mr. Wilmot's houſe. He croſſed the court, and went up ſtairs, but when he ſaw the door of the apartment, his heart beat ſo violently, that he was obliged to ſtop ſome moments to revive his reſolution. At laſt he took Trueman in his arms, and gently knocked at the door. Mr. Wilmot had ſcarcely opened it to receive him, when Tom threw himſelf at his feet. O, my good ſir, ſaid he, ſobbing, to you I owe my life. To diſcharge the debt, I have nothing but my little dog, which I here preſent. Pray, accept him. Alas! it is not without pain that I give him: but you will make me ſtill more unhappy if you refuſe him.

Mr. Wilmot had ſuch a heart as men ought all to have for their own happineſs, and for that of others. The honeſt ſimplicity of the little boy made him ſmile, but he was not the leſs affected with the greatneſs of the ſacrifice, as he well knew the ſtrength of the attachment. He took him therefore in his arms, and ſaid, no, my dear Tom, I

will not reject your kindneſs. I accept your preſent very cordially, and at this price conſider myſelf as fully paid for all that I have done. But ſince we are thus quits for what is paſt, I now give you Trueman again, in return for the pleaſure given me by your gratitude.

What, ſir!—cried the little boy;—and could ſay no more.

Yes, my child, returned Mr. Wilmot: I aſk but one thing of you, which is to preſs the matter no further. Go: I am more pleaſed than you can be, in having found one method more to make you happy.

Tom, who a few minutes before was ready to ſink under the weight of his affliction, was now no leſs overwhelmed by the exceſs of joy. He looked, with an eye of aſtoniſhment, at his benefactor. By turns he preſſed the hand of Mr. Wilmot, and his little favourite, to his heart, and to his lips. He cried, but his tears were delightful: they were tears of tenderneſs and pleaſure.

Mr. Wilmot did not content himſelf with theſe firſt benefits. An employment in his family becoming vacant, he beſtowed it on the good old Thomas. As for the boy, he had

had him educated with care, and put to a good trade. Trueman lived in the family very happy, and Tom, ſometimes careſſing him, would ſay, poor fellow! to you perhaps it is that I owe all my happineſs. He daily loved him more and more: and in the village where they lived, whenever the people wiſhed to ſpeak of any remarkable friends, they were at no great loſs to find them: the names came of courſe into their mouths; they were thoſe of *Tom* and *Trueman*.

SEQUEL

SEQUEL TO THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BARTON.
Mrs. BARTON.
EDWARD,
PAUL,
THEODORE,
CLAUDIA,
ISABEL, } - *their Children.*
The MASTER *of the Military Academy.*
EUGENIUS, - - *his Son.*
PIPES, - - - *an old Serjeant.*

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Barton's Houſe.*

SCENE I.

Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Iſabel, Pipes. (*Claudia and Iſabel are both employed; the one in reading, and the other at her tambour frame. Theodore has a pencil, and is drawing. Paul ſhoulders Pipes's crutch.*)

Pipes, (*to Paul,*)

MAKE ready!—Preſent!—Fire!—Come; very well!—Another leſſon will compleat you.—Give me back my crutch.

crutch. (*To Claudia and Iſabel.*) You will never let me teach *you* then?

Claudia. Teach *us?*

Iſabel. Young ladies?

Pipes. And why not? A ſoldier's children ſhould all learn their exerciſe. One never looks ſo well as with a firelock.

Claudia. Particularly when a crutch muſt repreſent it.

Pipes. True! but I miſtake it frequently myſelf, Miſs Claudia; and incline to put it rather *on* than *underneath* my ſhoulder. It is, in truth, a ſort of inſtinct in me, my firſt motion. Ah, poor Pipes! to have a crutch, inſtead of muſquet in my hand. Theſe ten years I have carried it about, and am not yet accuſtomed to its uſe.

Paul. But recollect, Pipes; at your age you would certainly have been otherwiſe diſmiſſed.

Pipes. Diſmiſſed? what mean you, maſter Paul? Had it not been for my wooden leg, I ſhould have died a ſoldier. Curſed leg! Ten hundred times a-day I find myſelf diſpoſed to make a bonfire of it! Inſtead of a fine white ſpatterdaſh, when I ſee nothing but a wooden ſtump! I hardly know myſelf, and fall into a paſſion.

Theo-

Theodore. Would you wiſh to have it otherwiſe? Why, man, it is nothing but the fortune of war.

Iſabel. And is it thus that Theodore comforts you! Do not be afflicted, Pipes.

Pipes. You are in the right, my dear Miſs Iſabel; for after all, it bears me witneſs that I have ſeen hot ſervice. If my leg had not been in the fire, it would hardly be ſo dry now. In fact, I know ſome legs, that are, at preſent, in their place, becauſe they carried the wearers of them out of danger; and I would not change my wooden leg for twenty ſuch. Young gentlemen, it is happy for you both that you are to ſerve: but take my counſel, and loſe arms as well as legs, much rather than receive the leaſt degree of ſpot in your honour, for want of courage.

Theodore. Yes, I promiſe you I will.

Paul. And ſo will I: when I am fighting, I will have you always in my thoughts.

Pipes. Do, maſter Paul. Your brave father and myſelf. *Barton* and *Pipes* ſhall be your charging words. With theſe two names between your lips, you will always be firſt to do your duty.

SCENE II.

Theodore, Paul, Claudia, Iſabel, Pipes, Captain Barton, (who has entered towards the cloſe of the preceding ſcene.)

The Children, (ſeeing Capt. Barton, run together towards him, and cry all at once.) Here is papa!

Capt. Barton, (embracing them.) Good-morrow to you all, my dears! Good-morrow to you, Pipes, (*holding out his hand,*) and thank you heartily for your inſtructions to my children.

Pipes. Ah, ſir, my inſtructions I beſtow upon them with a great deal of pleaſure, when you are not by; but ſeeing you, I am almoſt ſorry.

Capt. Barton. And why ſo, my friend?

Pipes. Becauſe I ſee, by your example, what the fruits of it are. If I am wiſe then, ſhall I ſtudy to make ſoldiers of your children, that they may be diſmiſſed, after they have worn themſelves out in the ſervice?

Capt. Barton. But why call my fortune back thus to remembrance, ſince I myſelf

have laboured to forget it, and complain no longer of what you ſuppoſe hard uſage.

Pipes. Pleaſe your honour, then, I will complain for both. Bombs and cannons! is it not a ſhame! What, turn me off for having one leg leſs? A ſoldier is always fit for duty, if his heart and his head are left him. If they think that we cripples make no ſhew at a review, why, let them keep us for a battle: we will be put into a corps apart; we won't even condeſcend to mix with others. No affront to your Grenadiers or your Highlanders, we will be firſt of all, I warrant you, dear maſter.

Capt. Barton, (ſmiling.) Good old friend! how much I am pleaſed to ſee this fire of youth and courage burning ſtill within you!

Pipes. I am quite vexed to ſee you ſmile, when you ſhould ſtorm much more than I do. I am a vulgar dog; I am nobody; and they may think that they ought to overlook me, having loſt a limb: but *you*, a Captain, who have had ſo many wounds in twenty battles, and have ſuch a family of children, to put ſuch a one as you on what they call half-pay, and ſend him off without a pen-

ſion!

ſion! who can think of ſuch a treatment, and be patient!

Capt. Barton. I find fault with no one. There are others more unhappy. (*He turns to Paul and the reſt, who ſeem uneaſy.*) My good little ones, you have done enough this morning to require ſome recreation. Go, then; but firſt viſit your mama: ſhe is in her chamber.

The Children. Yes, papa; and afterwards we will come back to ſtudy.

SCENE III.

Captain Barton, Pipes.

Capt. Barton. My old friend, I am pleaſed with your affection; but ſtill I do not like that you ſhould ſpeak before my children as you do. I would not have them think themſelves authorized to hate their fellow-creatures: ſuch a notion would diſcourage them in their purſuit of fortune; and beſides, they are deſtined to acquire themſelves a reputation by their actions. Is it likely that they ſhould take pains for ſuch a purpoſe, if

they are told before hand that men merit only their contempt?

Pipes, (*ironically.*) Yes, yes; your honour has great reaſon to defend mankind, they have reſpected you ſo much!

Capt. Barton. There are more good than wicked men about us; and if there were only you, that thought would reconcile me to humanity.

Pipes, (*bowing.*) Oh, Captain!

Capt. Barton. You have been ſo willing to attach yourſelf to my ill fortune! and beſides, you know, I am indebted to your friendſhip for the preſervation of my life.

Pipes. And if I ſaved it, I was under obligation to do nothing leſs, my worthy Captain, for your having ſent me to the drill ſo often. Had it not been for your honour, Pipes would have turned out a vagabond and drunkard, like many others. It was your attention that made a man of me; I ſhould have been my whole life long a common ſoldier, had you let me grovel on. From rank to rank I have been promoted, and at laſt made ſerjeant; and that is ſomething, every one will grant me! and no inconſiderable lift towards colonel. But a plague

plague upon the muſquet-ball, ſay I, that to my heart of oak has added this deal leg!

Capt. Barton. Come, Pipes, you have now repoſe, and that is as good as honour always.

Pipes. I ſhall never have repoſe as long as I obſerve your honour ill at eaſe. The produce of your farm, this year, has failed, and I am now become a burthen to you.

Capt. Barton. Can a child become a burthen to his father? And pray, are you not as one among my children? Thanks to heaven! I ſhall be always ſure of a ſubſiſtence. If our ration is a little leſs, there ſhall be ſtill an equal ſhare for you, Pipes.

Pipes. And I take it; but have hopes that I ſhall be able to acknowledge all your favours handſomely, as I have met with an employment.

Capt. Barton. So much the better, Pipes! I am charmed to hear that you have ſo, for *your* ſake. What is it?

Pipes. Could you have ſuppoſed what I am now going to tell you? But it is true, ſir, that a hoſier offered me, the other day, employment in his ſhop, if I would knit him ſtockings.

Capt. Barton. Very good: at leaſt, you will not be idle, by accepting it.

Pipes. How, ſir, very good? I could have knocked the fellow down, but that my crutch had tumbled on the ground.

Capt. Barton. I hope this knocking people down is not the employment that you mean?

Pipes. It would be better far than what the hoſier meant to give me. A fine ſight, indeed! Pipes knitting like a woman! I would ſee his ſtock of knitting-needles at Jericho firſt; and yet, this circumſtance made me think a little. I can work, it is true, ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I went to Mr. Wilkinſon's, and told him that I would furbiſh up his old ſword blades, if he would but employ an ancient ſoldier. He conſented: ſo that I ſhall have the handling ſtill of warlike weapons, and, beſide, receive a ſhilling a day. Let me beg, captain, that you will accept it for my maintenance.

Capt. Barton. No, no, my friend: keep what you earn yourſelf. A drop of liquor, now and then, is neceſſary to a perſon of your age.

Pipes.

Pipes. A drop of liquor! Oh! I will take care how I play at ſuch a game as that again. I know myſelf too well. I ſhould drink a ſingle drop to-day; a pint would hardly be enough to-morrow; and ſo on.

Capt. Barton. But you have other calls for money; and for my part, I want nothing.

Pipes. Nothing! when you almoſt live on bread and water? Nay, now captain, you are far too proud, believe me; and refuſe my ſhilling, for no other reaſon than becauſe I am not your equal!—A vengeance on this wooden leg of mine, that has prevented me from being now a colonel, for what any one can tell!

Capt. Barton. You do not know me yet, I can ſee, my friend; for were I to accept a gift from any one, it ſhould be only from the king and you.

Pipes. What, both of us together thus! and in a breath?

Capt. Barton. My king is but my maſter. In my friend, I ſee a ſort of God: and you, Pipes, are the only friend that is left me.

Pipes, (*throwing himſelf into the captain's arms.*) Well then, my friend—Captain, take my ſhilling!

Capt. Barton. I have already told you, I could put it to no uſe, and did not miſinform you; but, on ſecond thoughts, a time may come, when I ſhall need a great deal more. Lay by as much as you can ſave out of this daily ſhilling, that whenever I may want your ſavings, you may then aſſiſt me.

Pipes. Oh! I underſtand you. It is for my ſake, rather than your own, that you counſel me to act thus ſavingly. No matter: I will purſue your counſel literally; and my money ſhall be ſacred. It ſhall go in nothing but tobacco; and I will take care how I fall into a paſſion, that I may not break my pipe.

Capt. Barton. I praiſe your reſolution; but at preſent go and ſmoke one to the honour of our friendſhip. Mrs. Barton, I obſerve, is coming; and I wiſh to have a little converſation with her, by myſelf.

Pipes. Yes, yes, I will leave you; and beſides, a little air will be of ſervice to me. Your diſcourſe has had I do not know what effect upon my ſpirits. I ſhall quickly be compoſed again.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton. What circumſtance has happened, my dear life? You ſent the children to me; and I thought I ſaw upon their countenances ſomething not quite natural to them. I conceived it not ſo proper to aſk *them* the reaſon, but would come and know the whole from you. Hide nothing from me, I beſeech you! Has any new misfortune happened, that it is in my power to lighten by giving you comfort?

Capt. Barton. No, my dear! With your aſſiſtance, I can bear all ſorrows; and if unforeſeen affliction were to come upon me, would not heſitate to tell you of it, after the experience I have had of your philoſophy and fortitude. But be of comfort! Thank Heaven, nothing fatal or unfortunate has happened!

Mrs. Barton. What then could occaſion the uneaſineſs that I noticed in their countenances?

Capt. Barton. Our old ſoldier cauſed it, whoſe exceſs of zeal and friendſhip for me carried him ſo far, while they were preſent, as to vent complaints concerning the injuſtice of my lot. I obſerved that they were affected by the ſtrength of his expreſſions; and becauſe I apprehended ſuch invectives might inſpire diſcouragement, I directed them to go into your chamber; ſo that Pipes's murmurs might not make a bad impreſſion on them, being followed inſtantly by your careſſes.

Mrs. Barton. Poor unhappy little things! Alas, they know not what a ſad condition they are to experience upon earth!

Capt. Barton. I hope their fortune will not be ſo lamentable, as your motherly affection ſeems to fear; for hitherto, at leaſt, they have no great occaſion to complain of their condition.

Mrs. Barton. What! my dear, when they are utterly deprived of all the advantages that they might reaſonably have expected in life?

Capt. Barton. They never knew them; therefore, never can the want of thoſe advantages afflict them. Poſſibly they might have

have only ſerved to ſoften and unnerve their ſtrength, as well as underſtanding. The hard life to which they have been uſed, has given them a robuſt and ſound conſtitution, and an energy of mind. Inſtead of purſuing frivolous or puerile amuſements, they know already how to convert their labour into pleaſure. If God's providence ſhould grant them any of the gifts of fortune, they will therefore yield the more enjoyment: but, ſuppoſing they are all decreed to paſs away their days in the privation of this life's conveniences, they will have learnt to undergo their fortune without murmurs or complainings. Shall I tell you what I think, my dear? I do not look on the condition to which we are deſtined, as ſo very lamentable; for, ſurrounded by the pleaſures of the world, ſhould we have known thoſe tender ſentiments for each other, which we certainly have learnt, in what men call the ſchool of adverſity? Hurried on by pleaſure, we ſhould each have gone in queſt of friends who would have left us in adverſity, and perhaps aggravated our afflictions by their treachery; while now, afflicted as we are, we are convinced that we have it in our

power to make each other happy, by our mutual love and friendſhip. There are many miſerable individuals in the world, who are even deſtitute of bread to eat: we have never experienced ſuch a want, though we have not ſtooped to procure our bread by diſhonour. If, as is the caſe, we are neceſſitated to put up with what may certainly be called a very common diet, that our children may not want for education,—we enjoy, on the other hand, their gratitude, and their improvement in knowledge. We are conſcious to ourſelves that we have neglected no one tittle of our duty to them. Every generous notion that they poſſeſs is our work: it is our leſſons and example that have enabled them to poſſeſs it. They will do no laudable or virtuous action in their future lives but what an honeſt pride will permit us to attribute to ourſelves; and granting that any one among them ſhould be raiſed into diſtinction by his merit, I am confident, he will not leave us in old age, when we may more particularly want his ſuccour.

Mrs. Barton. O my dear, my worthy huſband! how does your fortitude ſuſtain me!

Capt.

Capt. Barton. On the contrary, dear partner, it is your conſtancy that upholds my fortitude. Without ſupport, I ſhould have long ſince ſunk beneath the burthen of my ſorrows; but ſeeing you renounce the delicacies, and ſubdue the weakneſſes inſeparable from your ſex, that you might properly diſcharge your duty, how could I have ſeemed leſs firm than you were, and not have bluſhed at being called a man?

Mrs. Barton. Aſcribe not ſo much honour to me, for the ſacrifices that I have made. They muſt be nothing to a mother's ſenſibility: and I would make ſtill greater, if, on ſuch conditions, I might have the proſpect of a happier fortune to befal my children. But, my dear, have you renounced all thoughts of ſoliciting your friends? Are you without a hope, that ſuch ſolicitations would be attended with ſucceſs?

Capt. Barton. You know the iſſue of my former applications. If then I experienced nothing but denials, when more recent ſervices ſpoke for me, ſhall I hope a better fortune now? and if the hollow-hearted friend, who then deceived me, would not ſecond my juſt expectations with his influence, who will

will now eſpouſe the application of a man ſo many years forgotten? My very ſilence ſince that period would be urged as a pretext for new refuſals, and freſh diſappointments but re-open wounds as yet not quite healed up. I have thrown away almoſt my whole dependence to procure me nothing but vexation; I ſhall therefore hardly be ſo raſh, as to conſume what is left me in ſuch ſteps, as, if they failed, would end in deſperation.

Mrs. Barton. Deſperation?

Capt. Barton. Yes; though they ſhould coſt me nothing but the time that I muſt purloin from the inſtruction of my children. If I durſt have any hopes, and ſhould again be diſappointed, I am convinced, I could not poſſibly ſurvive; or ſhould, at leaſt, drag on the wretched remnant of my life in ſorrow. No, dear wife; let us not imitate thoſe parents, who imagine that they have done enough, in yielding ſome ſmall portion of their ſuperfluities, and that too with reluctance, that their children may obtain an education. Let us prove our love, by dedicating even our neceſſaries to their wants. Let us conſent to live on bread, if ſuch a ſacrifice be needful, that in future they may

ſhew

ſhew themſelves to have been educated in a manner worthy of us.

Mrs. Barton. And I truſt in the Almighty, that they will do ſo; for ſure, we have not given life to monſters.

Capt. Barton. I have already ſuch a hope concerning Edward. Child although he is, yet I have frequently remarked his depth of underſtanding, openneſs of temper, and ingenuous way of thinking; qualities that I would deſire to find in my friend. He will have two motives for ſeeking advancement, and thoſe ſuch as operate very forcibly on noble minds: he will have obſtacles to overcome, and thereby ſo much the more glory to acquire. With what ardour have I obſerved him, and particularly theſe two years laſt paſt, to reſign himſelf entirely up to ſtudy, and digeſt the greateſt difficulties! With what enthuſiaſm has he been ſeized at the recital of ſome glorious action! I have often noted him retiring, as it were in thought, that he might narrowly examine the tranſactions both of Rome and Sparta, and obſerve the infancy of their moſt celebrated heroes. In a ſearch like this, no wonder that the atchievements of a Cyrus

ſhould

ſhould inflame his nature to reſemble him in temperance, fortitude, and reputation. On the whole, I verily believe that nothing but ſome happy circumſtance is wanting, to proclaim him ſuch already, as he may one day ſhew himſelf to be.

Mrs. Barton. But, my dear, in ſuch a ſituation as he is doomed to at preſent, when, alas! can we have hope that this happy circumſtance will happen?

Capt. Barton. To the weak man it can hardly ever happen: a great heart will frequently create it. Yes, my Edward, there is hardly any thing that I have not room to hope from you.

SCENE V.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Iſabel.

Paul. You were ſpeaking, I believe, papa, about my brother?

Capt. Barton. True; I was ſo, Paul. You are ſenſible, there is ſcarce a moment of the day, in which I do not think of one or other of you.

Iſabel.

Iſabel. Have you had any letter from him?

Capt. Barton. Not to-day; but then I know him, my dear child, ſo well, that I can tell, at any time, what he is about, without his writing to me. For example; I am ſure that, at this very moment, he is thinking to afford me a proof his affection, by a diligent attention to his ſtudies. Paul, I am ſure his good behaviour will be ſerviceable to your introduction, when the time comes round that you muſt go to ſchool, and have the ſame inſtructor.

Paul. And for my part, as, you know, papa, I am to go before Theodore, I will do every thing in my power to introduce *him* likewiſe, with the ſame degree of credit.

Capt. Barton. I was ſure within myſelf that you would have made me ſuch a promiſe. In your preſent ſituation, my dear little fellows, deſtitute, as you are ſenſible you are, of wealth and patrons, your advancement in the world muſt be at firſt entirely owing to yourſelves, ſince it depends upon the efforts you will make, at all times, to excel each other. And what is more, the elevation of all three may be the happy con-

conſequence of good behaviour in one only; as the bad behaviour of one only may involve the other two, and be a bar to their good fortune. So that you may ſee, on one hand, what diſgrace, and, on the other hand, what honour, may be expected from the turn of your conduct.

Paul. But papa, you know, we heard Pipes ſay juſt now, that you had not been recompenſed for your ſervice?

Theodore. I am ſure, however, you were never found deficient in your duty.

Iſabel. So pray tell us why the king has for ſo many years forgot you?

Capt. Barton. Poſſibly, becauſe there have been many to reward, much worthier than myſelf; or elſe, becauſe the expences of his government prevent his generoſity: beſides, I have neglected, for a long, long time indeed, all applications to his juſtice, that the time which they would have taken up might be better employed upon your education. But when once you enter into public life, you will be able, by a proper conduct on your part, to turn his royal eye upon your father; and if ſo, I ſhall enjoy his benefits twice over.

Paul.

Paul. Oh! if it depends upon my conduct——

Theodore. What! and ſhall we then be able to repay you every thing that you have done on our account?

Capt. Barton. Yes; and to the full. I will not raiſe the value of thoſe ſacrifices which your good mother and myſelf have made to your inſtruction. We have conſtantly ſubmitted to them unrepiningly, and even with the greateſt pleaſure. Providence already recompenſes us, by planting in your hearts the promiſe of thoſe virtues that will gratify our hopes. But if you were in future to deceive us, and conduct yourſelves in ſuch a manner that the fruit of all our ſacrifices would be loſt, what then would be the diſmal conſequences?—your poor ſiſters brought to poverty! your mother in deſpair! and my grey hairs deſcending to the grave with ſorrow!

Paul. No; it never ſhall be ſo.

Theodore. And therefore, if you love us, be aſſured, we ſhall do every thing in our power to make you happy.

Capt. Barton. My exiſtence totally depends

pends upon you; and through you I am to live or die.

Paul. In that caſe, you will live while we have one ſingle drop of blood within us.

Theodore. We will rather die a thouſand times, than willingly diſhonour you.

Capt. Barton. Well, I receive, my children, this aſſurance in the ſight of Heaven, and can have nothing elſe to wiſh. I ſhall be indebted to you for the greateſt happineſs that is to be enjoyed in this world.

Claudia. O papa, how badly off are we, who cannot by our conduct make you happy!

Capt. Barton. You may make my happineſs ſtill greater, by ſo acting as, in this retirement, to occaſion me the permanent and tranquil joys peculiar to a father. What will there be wanting to my happineſs, if, while your brothers honour my old age by their laudable actions, you, together with your ſiſter, comfort it with your attention, and adorn it with your virtues? What additional felicity can I intreat of Heaven, if I but live to ſee you merit the diſtinction gained you by the fame and glory of your brothers? (*He takes Mrs.*

Barton

Barton by the hand, whom an exceſs of ſenſibility had rendered ſpeechleſs, during all the ſcene.) Deareſt wife! can you imagine what would be our tranſports at ſo fair a proſpect, when both joy and honour, cauſed by each of thoſe to whom we have given birth, ſhould fill up our dwelling!

Paul. You ſay nothing, dear mama!

Claudia. You weep!

Mrs. Barton. It is for joy, my children. I was indulging myſelf before-hand, in the happineſs which your father has juſt deſcribed.

Paul. Oh! we promiſe that we will do our utmoſt not to diſappoint you. Yes, upon our knees we promiſe you. And as for Edward, I will anſwer for him juſt as he himſelf would, were he preſent. (*They fall upon their knees before her: ſhe affectionately raiſes, and embraces them; as does likewiſe their father.*)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Iſabel, Pipes.

Pipes, (*ruſhing all at once into the room.*) O my worthy captain!

Capt. Barton. What is the matter!

Pipes. I have ſeen him! He is returned!

Capt. Barton. Returned?—who, Pipes?

Pipes. He, ſir; my beſt friend! the only friend I have! except, indeed, your honour!

Capt. Barton. Edward, do you mean?

Mrs. Barton. My ſon?

Paul. My brother?

Claudia and Iſabel. Where—where is he?

Theodore. O my deareſt Pipes, is Edward coming?

Pipes. Do you aſk me, when I have told you? Why, he almoſt beat me backward, throwing, as he did, his arms about my neck. The excellent young man! ſtill, ſtill the ſame! He is coming after me. I hear him on the ſtairs.

Mrs. Barton. But why does he return? Oh, heaven! he has been only ten days abſent! Is it poſſible, that—

Capt. Barton, (*interrupting her.*) What! ſuſpect my Edward? This is the firſt reaſon for diſpleaſure that you have ever cauſed me!

Mrs. Barton. Pardon my uneaſineſs! And yet, what are we to ſuppoſe on this occaſion?

Capt. Barton. Any thing, or every thing, much rather than imagine that he has done amiſs.

SCENE VII.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Edward, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Iſabel, Pipes.

Edward, (*entering to his father, who ſprings forward and embraces him.*) My dear, dear father! how rejoiced I am to ſee you!

Capt. Barton. My dear Edward! is it you?—Kiſs me, my dear child! and again!—What can be the reaſon of your coming back ſo unexpectedly?

Edward. It is mentioned in this paper. Read, read, read! (*He gives a paper; and then running up to his mother, falls into her arms*) My dear mama! you will be very happy! (*He returns to his brothers and ſiſters,* and

and ſalutes them.) And how are you, deareſt Iſabel and Claudia?—and you, Paul and Theodore? You were far from expecting to ſee me ſo ſoon, were you not? However, you will be glad of my return, when you know the reaſon of it.

Iſabel. Oh! we are glad already, without knowing it.

Edward. I had drawn up a letter yeſterday for my papa, with good news in it, and the promiſe of much better: but my maſter being then upon the point of ſetting out for London, on the ſubject of that better news, thought proper to detain the letter; and ſucceeding in the object of his journey, it was inſtantly determined that I ſhould come myſelf this morning; which was full as well, I fancy: was it not?

Claudia. Oh! certainly.

Capt. Barton. What is this! A penſion of three hundred pounds a year, the king allows me!

Mrs. Barton. Is it poſſible?

Pipes. Bombs and cannons! if it were but true!

All the Children. How, how, papa?

Capt.

Capt. Barton. There, read the whole yourſelf, dear wife!—And who is the generous man that has thus condeſcended to enumerate my ſervices in preſence of the king, when every one beſides him had abandoned me? The king then knows that I have not ſerved him without ſome degree of honour! O my prince! I could certainly have been happy, though deprived of your munificence, but not of your eſteem. Dear Edward! who has been my benefactor?

SCENE the laſt.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Iſabel, Pipes, Edward, the Maſter of the Military School, Eugenius.

(*Edward runs out haſtily, and very ſoon returns, bringing in his maſter by the hand.*)

Edward. Here is our friend, and ſecond father. See here too, my brother Eugenius. A new ſon, for you and my mama.

The Maſter. Pardon me, ſir, that I have been ſo free as to intrude upon you without leave: I was not willing, I confeſs, to loſe

the affecting ſcene, to which I am witneſs at preſent.

Capt. Barton. You may well expect the liberty of being witneſs to it, ſince it is all of your creation.

Mrs. Barton. And has wherewithal, no doubt, to gratify your benevolent heart.

The Maſter. I am indeed moſt happy, madam, to perform a character therein, though not the hero. It is to Edward, to your ſon, that the honour of that character appertains.

Mrs. Barton. To Edward!

Capt. Barton. To my ſon?

The Maſter. You had deprived yourſelf of every comfort in this life, that you might form his heart and underſtanding; and on his part, he deprived himſelf of his enjoyments, to evince the gratitude that he owed you. Pardon me, good ſir, if I appear acquainted with the ſecrets of your family. Your ſon has not betrayed them. It was I who read them in his boſom. Ever ſince his firſt commencement with us, he would take no ſuſtenance but bread and water. All our menaces were not ſufficient to procure an explanation of his motives for ſuch abſtinence

ſtinence; and by inſinuation only did I I come to know it. He reſolved to be no happier than his father, who denied himſelf ſo many things on his account. We ſpoke about you, and I learned your ſituation. I have had no other merit than the trifling one of cauſing intimation of it to be made to our good ſovereign; but your name, it ſeems, was in his recollection; and he ſaid, as I was told, that he thought himſelf quite happy, in the means of recompenſing, as he did, your ancient ſervices, as well as the care that you took in beſtowing ſuch an education on your children, as muſt render them the moſt valuable of his ſubjects. The worthy nobleman who mentioned your affair to his majeſty, even told me, that in ſaying theſe words, he ſhed tears.

Capt. Barton. O, ſir! forgive the weakneſſes of nature. I had ſtrength ſufficient to endure misfortunes; but not half enough to bear ſuch joy! My ſon! my deareſt Edward! are you capable of ſuch generous affection to your father?

Edward. Pardon me: I have but for a moment done in your behalf, what you have been doing for ſo many years, on my ac-

count. (*He turns towards his mother, who is juſt upon the point of fainting.*) My dear mama! do not die, I beſeech you, now that you are rich.

(*Mrs. Barton is revived in conſequence of his ſolicitude, and almoſt overwhelms him with embraces.*)

The Maſter. What an affecting picture! Edward, you remember that I alſo mean to be your father?

Edward. Oh, yes; always, always! So, papa, embrace Eugenius my new brother; we have vowed for ever to love one another.

Eugenius. Yes; and I, on my ſide, never ſhall forget my promiſe. (*They embrace each other ardently; as do Captain Barton and the Maſter.*)

The Maſter. I have been ſo free, ſir, as to bring him with me to your houſe, that he might contemplate the virtues that flouriſh in it. He had read the heart of Edward many days before myſelf; and he it was who firſt of all deſired his friendſhip.

Captain Barton. If you give him thus a friend, in the perſon of my ſon, I ought to find another for him in the perſon of his father.

The Maſter. I can wiſh for nothing with ſuch ardour, as I do ſuch a title; and, on my part, offer you my pledge of friendſhip. (*Holding out his hand.*)

Pipes. I can be longer an indifferent looker on! (*he lets fall his crutch, and ruſhes in between them.*) Excuſe me, ſir; but where my Captain gives his heart, *mine* alſo muſt go with it. You are a generous man! were you not, Pipes would never flatter you, by calling you ſo.

Capt. Barton. You will pardon, ſir, the bluntneſs of a ſoldier: he is full of honour, and this mark of his affection for me, cannot be a matter of indifference to you. It has been my conſolation under many ſorrows.

The Maſter. Say you ſo? then I take his affection in good part. Your hand comrade; for ſoldiers are all brothers.

Pipes. O my other good ſupporter, where are you now? But I will dance without you at the thought of ſuch a happy day.

THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Raymond. I WISH very much to know which of my two children will ſhew moſt courage to day, when Mr. Spence arrives.

Auguſtus. What, mama! is he coming to-day?

Mrs. Raymond. I expect him.

Laura. What, the perſon who drew out a tooth the other day for my papa?

Mrs. Raymond. Yes, my dear, he is a very ſkilful dentiſt. I have begged that he would call here this morning, to look at your teeth.

Auguſtus. That muſt be for my ſiſter, I ſuppoſe. For my part, I hope he will pull out no teeth of mine.

Laura. I am ſure, I hope the ſame.

Mrs. Raymond. Yet I fancy, my little friends, he will be obliged to pull out one for each of you. You, Laura, have one that is very looſe; and you, Auguſtus, have two that grow too cloſe together, the forwardeſt of which muſt be removed.

Auguſtus.

If Men do not see you.
God sees you

BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAR

Auguſtus. What do you ſay, mama? I have not one too many, I aſſure you.

Mrs. Raymond. Mr. Spence muſt decide that.

Laura. But it will hurt me.

Mrs. Raymond. I fear it will, my dear girl. However, you muſt not be afraid, the operation is ſoon over; and if it was ever ſo painful, it is abſolutely neceſſary to be done.

Laura. I do not ſee what neceſſity there is to give me pain, mama. I do not wiſh it to be done at all.

Mrs. Raymond. I believe you. Nobody in the world wiſhes for ſuch a thing. But when a great advantage is to be gained by ſubmitting to a temporary pain, it would be very ridiculous not to conſent to it quietly.

Auguſtus. Oh, I will keep my mouth ſo cloſe ſhut, that Mr. Spence will be very cunning if he looks into it.

Mrs. Raymond. I adviſe you, good ſir, to ſpeak in a ſtyle leſs earneſt, and more ſenſible. You will keep your mouth ſhut! A very great effort of good ſenſe, to be ſure. Would you have me look upon you as a

coward, unable to ſupport the ſlighteſt pain? If I were you, I ſhould be very much aſhamed to have a ſtranger take up ſuch an opinion of me.

Auguſtus. So ſhould I too, mama, but—

Mrs. Raymond. My dear boy, hear me. Do you not think that it hurts me very much to ſee you ſuffer? When you were ſo very ſick, did you not take notice that I loſt my reſt and my appetite, and that I was yet more uneaſy than yourſelf? You may imagine then, that if I have determined for you to undergo a painful operation, I muſt have ſome very preſſing reaſon for it. My reaſon is this. I ſhould be very much afflicted that my children ſhould have irregular teeth when they grow up, and be obliged to pull them out then, when they can have no new ones in their places. This is a conſideration very touching to a mother who loves you; but to you, I ſhould think, it muſt be ſtill more powerful, as you are more concerned in it. The queſtion to you is nothing leſs than whether you will have a diſfigured mouth, for the reſt of your life, or one well furniſhed with teeth. Do you,

Laura,

Laura, underſtand what I have juſt ſaid to your brother?

Laura. Yes, mama. But how much will it hurt me?

Mrs. Raymond. I cannot poſſibly tell the exact quantity of pain that you will feel; but this I know, that it depends entirely upon yourſelf to make it much more ſupportable. Shall I tell you how?

Laura. O dear, yes, mama. Pray do.

Mrs. Raymond. It is, to make no uſeleſs reſiſtance, but with a good grace allow Mr. Spence to perform his operation. Your brother talked of ſhutting his mouth. If you were to undertake to do ſo too, do you ſuppoſe he would not find ſome means to open it? You may be ſure beforehand, that the more you twiſt about, the more he will be obliged to hurt you. If complaints and tears, inſtead of being mere marks of weakneſs, could in the leaſt aſſuage pain, there would be ſome excuſe. But ſince they anſwer no end whatever, and only make you more ſenſible of what you ſuffer, it ſeems to me a great diſgrace, as well as a great folly, to give way to ſuch cowardly inclinations.

Auguſtus. Well, mama, we will ſee. Tell us how we ought to behave.

Mrs. Raymond. Nothing is more eaſy. I only aſk you to be quite ſtill for one minute, and all will be over. You were in the room next to your papa the other day, when he had a tooth pulled out. I took you in immediately after: did you hear him make any complaints?

Laura. That is becauſe my papa has a hundred times as much ſtrength as we have.

Mrs. Raymond. Very true. But then his tooth was a hundred times more firmly fixed than yours. It is much harder to pull up a large oak, than a young ſapling.

Auguſtus. What pleaſure is it that this Mr. Spence takes in tearing people's jaws to pieces.

Mrs. Raymond. He does not do it for his pleaſure, but for his ſupport; and a very uſeful employment it is; which ſaves us many cruel torments.

Auguſtus. But, as he is paid for pulling out teeth, the more he takes out the more he gets. Suppoſe he was to pull out all I have, one after another.

Mrs.

Mrs. Raymond. It would be much more profitable to him to leave them all in, even the bad ones: for then you would be obliged to ſend to him very often to clean them, or put them into order; whereas, with a little attention to them every day, you will have no further occaſion to employ him. See how well I have kept mine by a little of that care.

Laura. Is that becauſe you had ſome drawn when you were no bigger than me?

Mrs. Raymond. Without doubt. I had a mother who watched tenderly over every thing that was of conſequence to me. She ſpoke to me as I am now ſpeaking to you.

Laura. Do you remember it then? Did you cry very much?

Mrs. Raymond. No, my dear. I can do myſelf the juſtice to ſay that I did not.

Laura. And what did you do to avoid it?

Mrs. Raymond. I comprehended immediately that my out-cries could anſwer no end, but that of making my mother miſerable, expoſing me in the eyes of the dentiſt, as a little girl without any reſolution, and thus rendering me contemptible to myſelf.

Auguſtus. Well, mama, I hope I ſhall not cry at all.

Mrs. Raymond. I have no doubt, that if you take that reſolution you will be able to keep it; eſpecially if you recollect that, one day or other, you will be a man.

Laura. But what am I to do, who ſhall be only a woman?

Mrs. Raymond. Women have no leſs occaſion than men for reſolution to ſupport pain. Perhaps the very weakneſs of their frame requires a ſtill higher degree of courage and patience. In order to have this fortitude ready for the great evils of life, it muſt firſt be exerciſed in the ſmalleſt. I have taken care betimes to ſtrengthen your minds ſo as to deſpiſe the little accidents common to your age, ſuch as falls, ſprains, and bruiſes: it is time to fortify you in the ſame manner againſt ſufferings more acute. However, in this caſe, I do not think you will have much to ſuffer. Your teeth are not yet ſufficiently rooted to require much effort in removing. They are like tender blades of graſs, held to the earth by very ſlender roots, which may be pulled up eaſily without injury. I have thought it neceſſary to prepare you for the pain

pain of this operation, whatever it may be, for fear that if you had found it more acute than you expected, you might have had a right to accuſe me of deceiving you.

Laura. You know, mama, that I always truſt you entirely.

Auguſtus. Oh, mama, I know you. I am not at all afraid, now.

Mrs. Raymond. I am delighted at having inſpired you with this confidence in me, and at finding you ſo reaſonable. I will not, therefore, treat you like thoſe fooliſh children that have biſcuits or play things promiſed them for conſenting to loſe a uſeleſs tooth. I reſerve for you a reward more worthy of you and of me. Whoever is moſt courageous, and moſt firm, ſhall have the moſt tender kiſs.

Auguſtus. You ſhall ſee, mama, that I will deſerve two.

Laura. And I, brother, will take care to have as many as you.

Auguſtus. Very well, we ſhall ſee. Mr. Spence may come now as ſoon as he thinks proper.

THE WIG, THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON, THE LANTERNS, THE SACK OF CORN, AND THE STILTS.

MR. FRIENDLY was one afternoon at home, and in the drawing-room with his four children, Lambert, Charlotte, Dorothy and Felix, when three gentlemen, whoſe names were Vernon, Fairfield, and Fitzwilliam, came to ſee him. They were Mr. Friendly's oldeſt friends; the children likewiſe loved them greatly, and were very much rejoiced to ſee them. They would always liſten to their converſation with a greedy ear, as being not only inſtructive, but amuſing; and on this particular occaſion ſat with ſuch attention, that they let the night come on without once thinking that they wanted candles. Mr. Vernon was, by this time, relating a very curious circumſtance that happened to him in his travels, when a dreadful noiſe was heard from the ſecond pair of ſtairs. The children crowded together in a fright, behind their father's elbow chair, inſtead of going out and ſeeing what

what was the matter, as Mr. Friendly thought they would have done. He had bid Lambert, his eldeſt ſon, ſtep out; but Lambert paſſed the order to his ſiſter Charlotte; Charlotte to her younger ſiſter Dorothy; and Dorothy, to Felix.

During theſe negociations, which indeed were all tranſacted in a minute's time, the noiſe continued, and came nearer; but not one among them left his ſtation.

Mr. Friendly eyed them, with a look which ſeemed to aſk if he, or his friends, ſhould take the trouble to riſe, and ſee what accident had happened?

Upon this the four began their march together, towards the door, but in the figure of a ſquare battalion, each ſupported by the other. They were now come near the door, when Lambert, with a fearful ſtep, advanced his foot and opened it; but inſtantly fell back into his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the leaſt delivered from their terror, when they ſaw an apparition clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. In ſhort, our *Soſias*, at the ſight, turned tail, and ſetting up a ſhriek, retreated towards their father, who roſe from his ſeat,

and

and going towards the landing-place, cried out, who is there?

I, ſir, replied a voice, that ſeemed to iſſue from the flooring.

I, ſaid Mr. Friendly? And pray who are you?

The barber's boy, ſir, looking for your wig.

Think, little friends, what burſts of laughter now ſucceeded their preceding ſilence. Mr. Friendly rang the bell for light, and when it came, perceived the wig-box broken to pieces, and the unfortunate wig entangled about the boy's right foot.

The tumult of this laughable adventure ſcarce was over, when the father ridiculed the folly of his children, aſking what they had been thus afraid of? They could hardly tell themſelves, as having been accuſtomed from the cradle not to be afraid at night; and as the ſeveral ſervants in the family were expreſsly forbidden to tell them any fooliſh ſtories about ghoſts or goblins.

Their preceding converſation being thus deranged, it came at laſt to turn upon this ſubject, and they wiſhed to know what could occa-

occaſion thoſe ſurpriſing fears, ſo common to all children in darkneſs.

It is the natural effects of darkneſs, and that only, anſwered Mr. Vernon. As children cannot properly diſtinguiſh objects round them in the dark, their imagination, which is always ſmitten with the marvellous, ſhapes them out extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, juſt as circumſtances govern. Upon this, the notion of their weakneſs eaſily perſuades them they are utterly unable to reſiſt thoſe monſters which they think armed to hurt them. Terror thus obtains poſſeſſion of them, and too frequently impreſſes fears which have the worſt of conſequences.

They would be aſhamed, ſaid Mr. Friendly, if they ſaw, in open day, what often gives them ſo much fright by night.

It was for all the world, ſaid Lambert, juſt as if I ſaw it; but I needed only touch it, and then I knew very well what it was.

Oh, yes, ſaid Charlotte, you have given us indeed an admirable token of your courage. *Needed only to touch it!* And therefore, I ſuppoſe, you would have let me *touch* the door, but that I puſhed you forward.

It becomes you well, to talk about my fear, ſaid Lambert; you that got behind poor Felix.

And poor little Dorothy behind me, added the ſly Felix.

Come, ſaid Mr. Friendly, I can ſee, you have nothing to reproach each other with. But Lambert's notion is not, upon that account, leſs rational; for as in all the monſtrous ſhapes that we image out continually to ourſelves, we have but natural accidents to fear; we may ward off all danger by the ſenſe of feeling, which diſtinguiſhes what frequently deceives the ſight. It is the neglect of this precaution in our infancy, that makes ſo many of us fancy ghoſts in every object round about us, I remember, on this head, a ſtory, comical enough, which I will tell you.

The four children now came round their father, crying out, a ſtory! oh, a ſtory! and their father thus began it.

In my father's houſe, there lived a maid-ſervant, who one night was ſent for beer into the cellar. We were all ſeated at the table, but could not ſet eyes upon the ſervant or beer. My mother, who was rather of a haſty

haſty temper, roſe from table, and went out to call her. As it chanced, the cellar-door was open, but ſhe could not make the ſervant hear. My mother ordered me to bring a candle, and go down into the cellar with her. I went firſt to light the way: but as I looked ſtraight forward, did not mind my ſteps, and all at once fell over ſomething rather ſoft. My light went out, and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand, quite motionleſs and cold. Upon the cry that I uttered, down came the cook maid, with a candle. She drew near, and we diſcovered the poor girl ſtretched all along upon the ground, face downward, in a ſwoon. We raiſed her up, and let her have a ſmelling bottle. She recovered her ſpirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, when ſhe cried out: There! there ſhe is! there ſtill! Who is there? replied my mother. That tall white woman, anſwered ſhe, there hanging in the corner. See! ſee! ſee! We looked the way that ſhe poinied; and in fact did ſee, as ſhe deſcribed it, ſomething white and of a tolerable length ſuſpended in a corner. Is it only *that?* replied the cook-maid, burſting out a laughing. Why that

is

is nothing but a ſhoulder of mutton which I bought laſt night. I hung it there, that it might be quite freſh, and cool; and put a napkin round it, to keep off the flies. She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the ſhoulder of mutton to her fellow-ſervant, who ſtood trembling with fear. It was above a quarter of an hour before ſhe was convinced of her ridiculous miſtake. She would at firſt inſiſt upon it, that the phantom ſtared her in the face with ſaucer eyes; that ſhe had turned to run away but that the ghoſt had followed her, faſtened on her petticoat, and ſeized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this ſhe could not tell.

It is very eaſy to explain all this, ſaid Mr. Vernon; and aſſign the reaſon, why your ſervant fancied thus extravagantly. When the fright firſt ſeized her and ſhe ſwooned, the circulation of the blood was ſtopped, and ſhe could not run away; ſhe thought ſhe had been held. Her limbs were deprived of ſtrength, ſo that ſhe could not hold the candle, and therefore ſuppoſed that the ſpectre took it from her.

We

We are happy, added he, that the underſtanding and good ſenſe of people has begun to diſſipate theſe fooliſh notions concerning ghoſts and goblins. There was once a time of ſo much ignorance, that theſe ideas mixed with ſuperſtitious notions, and deprived the boldeſt of their courage; but thank heaven, they are at length completely done away in towns; though they ſubſiſt, as ſtrong as ever, in the country, which is ſtill ſuppoſed to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil ſpirits. What I am going now to tell you, is a laughable example of it.

Tom Stubbs, a labouring man, one evening was returning from a fair, with Edmund and Suſan, his two children. It was towards the end of autumn, when the day ſhuts in betimes.

Tom going by an ale-houſe, told the children that he would enter and refreſh himſelf a little, ordering them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in half a dozen minutes he would overtake them. Edmund and Suſan therefore went on ſlowly, talking of the drollery of a puppet-ſhow that they had

been

been ſeeing, and, as well as they were able, talking like the wooden figures in it. All at once, about the middle of a path, which paſſing round the corner of a little wood, came, where they ſtood, into the public road, their eye was caught by ſomething very bright that ſeemed to dance upon the ground, or riſe and fall by turns. The father having formerly been a ſoldier, had frequently told them that they muſt never be afraid of what by night, and at a diſtance might aſſume a frightful figure, but go boldly up to it, when they would find it nothing. Edmund had forgot all this inſtruction. He could hardly ſpeak, he ſhook all over, and perſpired abundantly; whereas his ſiſter laughed to ſee him frightened, ſaying that ſhe would go and ſee the apparition nearer. Edmund, all in vain, aſſured her that it was a ghoſt, who certainly would twiſt her neck off. She was not diſcouraged by theſe fooliſh notions, but went onward towards the light, without once ſtopping.

She was come within a dozen yards of it, when, behold ye, ſhe diſcerned the very puppet-ſhow-man who had entertained her

at the fair, and who was ſeeking ſomething with his lantern.

For in drawing out his handkerchief, his purſe had followed; and for upwards of ten minutes, he had looked about to find it on the ground, near the ſpot. Suſan, who had always her wits about her, went and ſearched the hedges, and found it hanging on a ſprig. The ſhow-man gave her, as a recompence, the punchinello which had made her laugh ſo much; and as they went along, inſtructed her how to twitch the ſtrings, and to make it play in that diverting manner that ſhe had lately ſeen.

They were hardly at home, when Tom came in. The puppet-man informed him of what had happened, and extolled Suſan's courage. It was now extremely dark, however, and little Edmund was not to be ſeen. Tom began to fear ſome accident; and therefore took a link, and with Suſan, ran to ſee if he could find him.

They went very faſt, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At laſt they heard, a great way off, the voice of ſome one in diſtreſs. They made up to it, and found Edmund in a ditch,

a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with a cake of mud from head to foot, and had his face and hands torn ſadly with the brambles.

How the deuce came you here? ſaid his father, as he helped him out.

Ah, father, I was running with my head turned towards a jack-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not ſee my way before me, I tumbled in here. I wanted to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have ſcratched my face and hands; and thereupon he began his cries and lamentations afreſh.

Tom reproved him roughly for his cowardice; but Edmund was a deal more vexed when told his ſiſter's luck. He could not be conſoled for having loſt his ſhare in the diverting punchinello which ſhe knew, by this time, how to play off with great dexterity.

The lantern, in your tale, ſaid Mr. Fairfield, makes me recollect a ſingular adventure with a lantern in it, that performed its part ſo well, as to affright, not merely ſuch a little peaſant as your Edmund, but a whole village.

I was

I was coming home one night on horſe-back, from a viſit that I had juſt before been making to a number of the neighbouring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. There had fallen a great deal of rain that day, ſince noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining ſtill with equal violence; but being forced to join my company the next morning, I ſet out, provided with a lantern, having to paſs a narrow defile between two mountains. I had cleared it, when a guſt of wind took off my hat, and carried it ſo far that I deſpaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave the matter up. By great good fortune I had on me a large ſcarlet cloak. I covered up my head and ſhoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to ſee my way and breathe through; and for fear the wind ſhould take a fancy to my cloak, as well as hat, I paſſed my right arm round my body to ſecure it, ſo that riding on in this poſition, you may eaſily conceive that my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left ſhoulder. At the entrance of a village, on a hill, I met three travel-

lers, who no ſooner ſaw me, than they ran away, as if they were poſſeſt. For my part, I went on upon the gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I deſigned to reſt myſelf a little; but ſoon after who ſhould enter but my three poltroons, as pale as death itſelf. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they ſpoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whoſe head was like a flame of fire, and to increaſe the wonder, placed beneath his ſhoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horſe, ſaid they, quite black before, and grey behind, which, notwithſtanding it was lame, he ſpurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary ſwiftneſs. Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to ſpread the alarm as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in ſuch a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all ſqueezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous ſtory. To make up in ſome ſort for my diſmal journey, I reſolved to laugh a little and be merry at their coſt, intending

at

at the ſame time to cure them of ſuch frights, by ſhowing them their folly in the preſent inſtance. With this view I mounted my horſe again behind the inn, went round about till I had rode the diſtance of half a mile; when turning I diſpoſed of my accoutrements, that is to ſay, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You ſhould have ſeen the frighted mob of peaſants, how they hid their faces at the ſight, and crowded into the paſſage. There was no one but the hoſt that had courage to remain and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I ſhifted the poſition of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my ſhoulders, and appeared the ſame figure as he had ſeen me by his kitchen fire. It was not without real difficulty that we could bring the ſimple people, who had crowded in for ſafety, from their terror: the three travellers in particular, as the firſt impreſſion was ſtill ſtrong within them, could not credit what they ſaw. We finiſhed by a hearty laugh at their expence, and drinking to the man whoſe head was like a flame of fire and placed beneath his ſhoulder. This

was what I meant to tell you, and perhaps if ſuch conviction of their groundleſs apprehenſions had not been afforded them, the ſtory of my ſtrange appearance would have paſſed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occaſioned mortal fears through all the country.

It depended only on me too, in the ſame manner, ſaid Mr. Fitzwilliam, to afford the ſubject of a fine ſtory to the goſſips of my county, in an adventure that befel me one night, about the time of my leaving ſchool.

I was come home at Midſummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle, to be with him for a month or thereabouts. While I was there, I had occaſion to get up one night, or rather morning. I was obliged to paſs along a gallery, and had nothing but the moon to guide my ſteps, and ſhe was very much obſcured by clouds. In going by a window which opened to the garden, I ſaw a monſtrous figure, moving at a little diſtance from the gallery where I was. The moon, which caſt a faint light on the monſter, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like a great Coloſſus, with the upper part inclining forwards.

As

As it went away I ſaw it by degrees diminiſh. All at once, however, it appeared to come in two. One half ſeemed motionleſs and dead, the other greatly agitated; but as neither of the two approached me, in the fear that ſeized me I had ſtrength enough to bawl out help! help! help! I had but time to utter theſe three words, before the living half of the phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and in a ſuppliant accent, ſaid to me, Ah maſter Charles, do not cry out for heaven's ſake. I remembered, as I thought, the voice; and therefore taking courage, went up boldly to it, crying out who are you? Some houſebreaker doubtleſs.—No, no, maſter, I am Sam the coachman. Sam the coachman! anſwered I; and what are you about at ſuch an hour as this? I followed him, for he was now gone from me, and perceived a ſack of ſomething placed againſt the wall. I now ſaw clearly what had given him ſo monſtrous an appearance; and why he ſeemed to come in two, when he had thrown the ſack off his ſhoulders. I demanded what the ſack had in it. I am going, anſwered he, betimes to town. Laſt

night I quite forgot to bring my horſes their ſupply of oats, and they muſt eat before they leave the ſtable. So I roſe to get it; but pray do not ſpeak a word about it in the houſe, I beg you: they might think me very careleſs, and perhaps a thief. It came into my head, upon the ſpot, that he might in fact be what he ſeemed afraid of being thought. I had myſelf the night before, I remembered, met him with a ſack of oats upon his back. Beſides, it was not towards the ſtable that he was going; he was very near a little door which opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and beſides, I thought two ſacks of oats were more a great deal than three horſes, (for my uncle had but three) could want. At breakfaſt I informed my uncle of this buſineſs. After ſome examination, it was found that the coachman had a falſe key in his poſſeſſion, by means of which he had at different times purloined the corn intended for the horſes.

Now, if when the phantom had approached, and called me by my name, I had not overcome my firſt fright, but run away to ſhun him, with what terrible ideas

ſhould

ſhould I have been poſſeſſed all night? The idea of this monſter might, perhaps, have accompanied me my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not touched my brain, and robbed me of my underſtanding.

In effect, this apprehenſion of Mr. Fitzwilliams' was by no means groundleſs. I have myſelf been very lately told of an unhappy incident, which ſhows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it you at length, my little friends, and I hope, the ſtory will not fail to cure you of a wiſh to frighten one another when it is dark, if ever you give way to ſuch a practice.

Charles Pomeroy, a child of great vivacity and underſtanding, had adopted ſuch a turn towards muſic, that beſides his daily leſſon on the organ, which his maſter came to give him every morning, he would go at night upon a viſit to his maſter, who reſided in the neighbourhood, and there repeat it.

Charles's brother Auguſtus was a good boy likewiſe, but had ſomething of a turn towards drollery; and ſpent the time, when

Charles was at his book, in ſcheming how he might play off ſome trick or other, no ways minding who became the object of his waggery. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and ſometimes when it was dark, and turned his thoughts upon a contrivance to frighten him a little. He could walk in ſtilts. One evening, therefore, at the time that his brother was expected home, he put himſelf into a pair of very high ones, wrapped a great white ſheet about him, which trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad brimmed hat, which firſt of all he flapped, and having covered it with crape, of a ſufficient length to hang a great way down on every ſide, but moſt of all before him, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himſelf upright, and at a little diſtance from the houſe, cloſe by the garden-gate, through which his brother always entered coming home. This laſt was now returning in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming to himſelf the tune that he had been playing. He was ſcarce come within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived the vaſt Coloſſus, which

which held out its arms, advancing to attack him. Agitated with a mortal fright, at ſuch an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of underſtanding. Poor Auguſtus, who had not foreſeen the conſequences of his fatal frolic, threw away his maſk immediately, and fell upon his brother's almoſt breathleſs body; and did every thing in his power to reanimate him: but alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but abſolutely dead. His parents inſtantly came running to the ſpot, and with a great deal of difficulty brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant ſtupid look. They called him by every tender name; but he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavoured, but in vain, to ſpeak: his tongue eſſayed to do ſo, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb, and fooliſh, and will very probably remain ſo all his life-time. Six or ſeven months have paſſed ſince this deplorable occurrence, and the doctors who attend him have, as yet, done nothing towards his cure. Imagine little friends, if you are able, the diſtreſs and ſorrow of

his parents. It would certainly have been better, both for them and him too, had he died upon the ſpot. They would not then have every day before them ſuch a piteous object of affliction and deſpair. But their diſtreſs is nothing in compariſon to Auguſtus's. Since the unhappy accident, he has been like a ſkeleton, much more than a human creature. He can neither eat nor ſleep. His tears exhauſt him. Twenty times a day he walks about the room, and ſuddenly ſtops ſhort: he wrings his hands, pulls up his hair, and curſes even his birth. He calls and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have ſeen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is moſt unhappy.

INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.

PART I.

LEAVE we the degenerate crew
Who at female virtue rail:
Huſbands, to your wives be true,
And your peace can never fail.

For falſe rumours, ſhould your wrath
Arm itſelf againſt their life?
Thoſe who urge their breach of troth,
With their virtue are at ſtrife.

Ancient ſtory proves this truth,
Now the ſubject of my ſong:
Sweet it is, by ſpeaking ſooth,
To acquit the ſex of wrong.
Yet what pleaſure can this give,
If my heart no other feel?
Wives, if you but happy live,
I'm rewarded for my zeal.

Beauteous in her prime of days,
Brabant's daughter, meek and mild,
Blanch attracted gen'ral praiſe,
Gentle as a new-born child.
Twenty barons for her ſtrove;
Siffroi only gain'd the prize:
Hymen quickly crown'd his love
With indiſſoluble ties.

But tho' wedded, ſtill they ſeem'd
Nymph and lover as before;
In their countenances beam'd
Smiles of love, a countleſs ſtore!

Tender cares! the ſpeaking eye!—
Ev'n the faithful turtle dove,
Had ſhe flown their dwelling nigh,
Might have learnt from them to love.

But ſad tidings ſoon he hears;
Farewel all his love's delight!
Saladin in arms appears;
Siffroi muſt go join the fight.
Many a wound within his heart
Love and Fame contending make:
Fame is ſweet—but then to part!—
Robb'd of Blanch, his heart muſt break.

Up at early dawn he hies;
Grief his manly cheek o'erflows,
While he views her, as ſhe lies
Wrapt in undiſturb'd repoſe.
But the more his wiſh inclin'd
With her charms to feaſt his view,
Ev'n the more he dreads to find
Danger in the ſoft adieu.

Going, he returns; but (Fame
Loudly chiding from afar)
Mounts his ſteed, and urg'd by ſhame,
Ruſhes to the field of war.

Blanch

Blanch awakes; what pain to prove!
Widow'd when ſo newly wed!
Oh! what anguiſh wounds her love,
When ſhe finds her Siffroi fled!

Siffroi's ſeneſchal, who burn'd
Long a captive to her charms,
Haſting ere his lord return'd,
Baſely tempts her to his arms.
Blanch his daring hope reprov'd
Leſs ſeverely than ſhe ought;
Wherefore he, by fury mov'd,
Thus his impious vengeance wrought:

Leſs at length, a prey to care,
Blanch this news to Siffroi ſent:
In my ſwelling womb I bear
What will both our loves content.
No, writes he, my injur'd lord,
Blanch deludes your ardent vows:
Read theſe letters, they afford
Proofs how ſhe can treat her ſpouſe.

No one pang had Siffroi known,
'Reft of all his rich domain;
Blanch's cheerleſs ſtate alone
Would have coſt his boſom pain.

But

But that thus the perjur'd fair
Should his love and name diſgrace,
'Tis too much, he cries, to bear!
Vengeance muſt of love take place!

In his mind's firſt wrathful plight
No calm reaſoning he'll allow:
Death ſhould, as he thinks, requite
Thoſe who break the marriage vow.
He reſolves: but ah! his heart
Shock'd at Blanch's dreadful fate,
Countermands the murdering part:
Wretched Siffroi, 'tis too late!

PART II.

Soon as the firſt mandate came,
On dire thoughts of blood intent,
Moves th' aſſaſſin to his aim,
Fearing Siffroi may relent:
Blanch had with a ſon, it ſeems,
After nine long months been bleſt;
Weak defence againſt the ſchemes
Cheriſh'd in a villain's breaſt!

To two thieves, a helliſh pair,
This vile murder is aſſign'd:
To the foreſt Blanch they bear,
Wife nor child muſt pity find.

Would

Would you, friends, ſhe ſaid and knelt,
Prove more cruel than needs muſt?
If compaſſion e'er you felt,
Spare my child, or kill me firſt!

Innocence, how ſtrong thy charm!
Of this murderous pair, ſo fierce,
One, though lifted is his arm,
Wants a heart the wife to pierce.
Piteous breaſt and flowing eyes,
Wherefore do ye thus relent?
I can't ſtrike! the villain cries;
Here then let your life be ſpent.

Blanch, with fear and fright half dead,
Haſtens to take up her child;
And, all trembling as ſhe fled,
Traverſes the pathleſs wild.
In the tranſports of her joy,
How ſhe claſps him to her heart!
Tracing in th' unhappy boy,
Siffroi, ſtill her ſoul's beſt part.

Soon comes ſharp inquietude,
Theſe vain tranſports to enſue!
In a place ſo wild and rude,
Hapleſs pair! what will you do?

Day

Day deſcends: Blanch wanders long,
Nothing knowing where to go;
While, oh grief! her pangs ſo ſtrong,
Stop her milk's late plenteous flow.

How ſhall I deſcribe her fears,
Her unutterable ſmart?
While ſhe feeds the babe with tears,
Warm'd by preſſure to her heart.
If he cries, ſhe feels his pain
Pierce her tender boſom through:
If he ceaſes to complain,
Thinks him dead, and mourns anew.

Night comes on;—to grief reſign'd,
She awaits returning day;
Then ſhe wanders forth to find
Fruit her hunger to allay:
Haſting back, ſhe ſees with joy,
Wond'rous ſight! a gentle doe,
Kindly, to the famiſh'd boy
Nouriſhment and milk beſtow.

God, who all we need canſt give,
Mothers are thy work alone!—
Hoping now the child may live,
Grief ſhe feels not of her own.

To a cave not far from thence,
Now the doe her gueſt precedes,
Points her future reſidence,
And with care the infant feeds.

Thus thought Blanch 'twould be her fate,
Life's whole courſe to paſs away,
In a ſolitary ſtate,
Known by none but beaſts of prey.
Unripe fruits her only food:
Nothing but dry leaves her bed;
Winds that ſweep the ſolitude
Pierce her wild and dreary ſhed.

Dreams of foſt'ring hope, at leaſt
Grant the ſuccour you can give!
Famine, God can turn to feaſt;
Therefore, Blanch, in patience live!
If he ſmites us, he's our ſire,
And his children he holds dear:
Comfort then! his darting fire
Wickedneſs alone needs fear.

PART III.

Than the ſeneſchal not leſs,
Thinking Blanch among the dead,
Siffroi feels the keen diſtreſs
By a troubled conſcience bred:

If he drives her from his mind,
Thither ſhe returns again;
Often too his heart's inclin'd
To ſuppoſe her free from ſtain.

Torn with anguiſh, tir'd of breath,
He would gladly die in fight;
But ſtern Fate will not by death
Terminate his wretched plight.
Spent with wearineſs, one day
By the foe was Siffroi ta'en;
Sev'n long years in bonds he lay,
And, when free, repaſs'd the main.

He arrives, o'erwhelm'd with grief;
Ev'n his native plains, ſo gay,
Can afford him no relief,
Nor his bitter pangs allay.
Taſteleſs ſeems the feſtive bowl,
Dull the pomp of courtly ſhow:—
Siffroi, for thy tortur'd ſoul
Fate reſerves another blow.

Verging now to life's laſt goal,
Does the feneſchal repent,
And behind him leaves a ſcroll
Proving Blanch was innocent.

Oh!

Oh! what horror Siffroi then
Felt, when he beheld and read—
Blanch through me, he cries, of men
Guiltieſt, has unjuſtly bled.

Thenceforth does a haggard fiend
Stalk where'er he turns his ſight;
On his path by day attend,
And diſturb his ſleep by night.
Blanch he ſees in fun'ral ſhroud
With her babe go glaring by:
Fierce they frown, and yelling loud,
Cruel ſpouſe and father cry.

Wine and pleaſure both in vain
Miniſter their ſoothing balm:
Reſpite he finds none from pain,
Toſs'd by tempeſt without calm,
Moſt however he's inclin'd
To purſue the ſtag's ſwift pace;
Leaſt diſtracted, when his mind
Meets the turmoil of the chace.

One day, as it chanc'd, his dart
Pierc'd a deer,—the creature fled:
He purſues her ſteps, in part
Guided by the blood ſhe ſhed.

But while traverſing the wild,
What ſtrange objects ſoon appear!
Lo a female and a child,
Comforting the wounded deer!

On this female form, half bare,
Scarcely had he turn'd his view,
Than ſhe redden'd, and her hair
Inſtantly before her threw.
From the world, cry'd Siffroi, torn
With this child what do you here?
Sev'n long years, ſaid Blanch, I mourn
One though cruel, ſtill moſt dear.

Cruel, Siffroi cried, and why?
By a villain's arts, ſaid ſhe,
Was his ear deceiv'd, and I
An adult'reſs thought to be.
What then are you?—but proceed.
Blanch I was, when fortune ſmil'd.
Siffroi ſpringing off his ſteed
Cries aloud, My wife and child!

Yes, 'tis you, with joy intenſe!
He repeats, and many a kiſs,
Oh I know your innocence
But believ'd you dead ere this.

Cruel

Cruel as I was, dear wife,
To reduce you to this ſtate!
No, ſaid Blanch, you give me life,
If you own my truth, though late.

But, by this time, round about,
Crowding his companions throng:
See your miſtreſs? he cries out,
She for whom we griev'd ſo long:
See my ſon too; of his face
Ev'ry feature calls him ſo.
Come, and from this dreary place,
To my palace let us go.

On the train proceeds, and near
Follow the now happy pair,
Cloſe to them the gentle deer,
Proud the playful child to bear.
Family, thrice fortunate!
All your ſufferings now are o'er,
Now at length you prove a fate
Happier than you knew before.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Torrington.

MADAM,

THIS addreſs, perhaps, will cauſe you ſome ſurpriſe; or poſſibly you may have looked for ſuch a greeting.—I, for my part, find it neceſſary; and of courſe, without another line of preface, paſs over to the ſubject which extorts this letter from me.

You may well remember, there was once a time when I ſincerely loved you, and when you yourſelf appeared to merit my affection. Now that time is paſt. You have found out an object worthier of your love than I am. Since you act from the idea of promoting your felicity by ſuch a preference, I do not wiſh to thwart you.—We are free.—Do you retire where you think fit, while I live where I pleaſe; and that is here. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. I go away to-morrow morning, and ſhall ſtay from home till Monnay next, that you may not be incommoded with my pre-

preſence, or endure that trouble, of which it does not ſuit me in the leaſt to be a witneſs. Reſpecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their mother, after her behaviour, muſt no longer have the leaſt communication with them; and whenever I think fit to make enquiry, I ſhall find ſome governeſs who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their birth. Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour, as much as you can, to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to ſubſcribe himſelf your loving huſband, but is now no more than, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Torrington.

SIR,

I SHOULD in vain endeavour to deſcribe the different emotions raiſed within my ſoul, by the peruſal of your letter. You reſolve that a ſeparation ſhall take place between

tween us. Since you judge an open rupture needful, I ſubmit to your good pleaſure. If when we were firſt united, any one had told me that all our mutual vows would come to this, I ſhould certainly not have been perſuaded that ſuch an event was poſſible. Nevertheleſs it has taken place. In my misfortunes, however, I have ſtill one conſolation left me; namely, that in heaven there is a God, who has the means of manifeſting innocence. My conſcience clears me of reproach. My heart has no idea of an object worthier of me, as you ſay, than you are. It has always been devoted to you only. I proteſt all this, not making uſe of oaths, but by a ſimple affirmation which my heart pronounces with aſſurance. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence, and your injuſtice. I ſhall patiently purſue the path which God's providence points out for me. God's providence, I ſay, which hitherto has heaped its bleſſings on me; and, I hope, will ſtill continue ſo to do. It is a cruel ſtep, ſir, to take all my children from me. I may think, the mother who firſt gave them life in anguiſh, has a greater title to them than

than a father; and the laws would grant me the ſociety of one, at leaſt: but do not imagine that I have ſuch a doubt of your paternal tenderneſs and wiſh to make them happy, as to have recourſe to legal aid againſt you. I will figure to myſelf with reſignation, that God's will by death, has torn them from me, or that I myſelf am dead, and ſhall be very quickly followed by them. Farewel, and be at all times happy, moſt unjuſt, yet deareſt huſband. Every night and morning I will pray to God that, for your own repoſe, he may remove the miſt of error from before your eyes, convincing you how faithful and affectionate a ſpouſe you are at preſent wronging, in the perſon of your deſolate

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

SCENE I.

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mama.

Mrs. Torrington. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me; I have ſomething to tell you.

Caroline. Take me on your knee, do, pray, mama. (*Mrs. Torrington takes up Caroline, kiſſes her, and weeps.*)

Harriet. What is the matter, dear mama? why do you cry?

Sophia. I have done nothing, at leaſt, that I know of, to diſpleaſe you.

Caroline. Nor I either, dear mama.

The Children, (while the mother cannot ſpeak for tears.) Mama! dear, dear mama!

Mrs. Torrington, (reſtraining her tears.) Do not be uneaſy, my ſweet children, I beſeech you. Do not cry thus, or you will certainly diſtract me.

Harriet. Then why did you cry yourſelf, firſt of all? Why did you weep ſo yeſterday? the day before? and every day ſince you received my papa's laſt letter?

Mrs. Torrington. Do not aſk me, my poor girl! You will know all time enough. All that I can tell you at preſent, my dear children, is, that I am forced to leave you to-morrow morning early.

Sophia. And do not you intend then to take me this time, as I was promiſed? Harriet, you remember, went with you laſt year.

Mrs.

Mrs. Torrington. I wiſh I could, my life; and not you only, but your ſiſters likewiſe; but it is not in my power.

Harriet. At leaſt, mama, I hope you mean to return very ſoon.

Sophia. And won't you bring me ſomething pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet. What, ſiſters! can you ſee how ſad mama is, and yet think of aſking her for play-things?—If I durſt—

Mrs. Torrington. Well? what, my deareſt Harriet?

Hrrriet, (*burſting into tears.*) You will never come back to us. I know it. You are always ſorrowful when you quit us; but yet you never wept ſo much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. Torrington. Do not alarm yourſelf, Harriet. In about ſix weeks I ſhall come back and ſee you.

Sophia. In about ſix weeks! and what are we to do, ſo long, without you?

Caroline. I can never play ſo well, you know, mama, as when you are with me?

Mrs. Torrington. Your papa will come back next Monday.

Harriet. And not find you here then, to receive him!

Sophia. He will be very ſorry, when he comes, to find you abſent.

Caroline. So pray ſtay at leaſt till he comes back.

Mrs. Torrington. It will but give him greater pleaſure, at the time of my return, to ſee me; and ſix weeks will ſoon be paſt.

Harriet. You won't inform us; but I know very well that papa—

Mrs. Torrington. Dear child, you wound my heart; and I have grieved enough already, at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We ſhall ſee one another again very ſoon. Receive this kiſs as an aſſurance.

Harriet, (*clinging round her neck.*) Oh, if it were true!

Mrs. Torrington. When ſix weeks are once paſt, you will ſee. I promiſe you, and you know I never yet deceived you. Take care of you health, dear babes, and ſtudy to amuſe yourſelves till I return. (*She embraces them one after the other.*) Harriet and Sophia, you that are the eldeſt, take what care you can that nothing happens to poor

poor little Caroline. Think frequently of me, and I, on my part, will do ſo of you. ——Farewel, farewel; (*She forces herſelf from them, and goes out; while they ſtand motionleſs with grief, and cry bitterly.*)

LETTER III.

To Mrs. Villars.

Dear and worthy FRIEND,

I SEND you my three girls, and earneſtly conjure you to beſtow your tendereſt care upon them, ſo that they may find a ſecond mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who firſt gave them life, I look upon it as a ſpecial bleſſing that you ſo generouſly condeſcend to ſuperintend their education. I am ſenſible how great a burthen I wiſh you to undertake, and how utterly unable I ſhall ever be to ſhew my gratitude for ſuch a favour. But then what will not a father dare to do for his children? Condeſcend, therefore my deareſt Madam, upon that account, to pardon any paternal indiſcretion, and diſpoſe for ever both of me and every

thing belonging to me. There is one particular that I cannot ſufficiently recommend to your attention; namely, the ſelection of a proper governeſs. Endeavour to ſecure them one according to your principles and mine. There are ſo few, Madam, fit for any thing but dreſſing and undreſſing dolls! and rather than deliver up my children to ſuch creatures, I would leave them in a wilderneſs, to vegetate, without receiving any education. But as ſouls that afterwards prove worthy of each other, have a ſort of reciprocal attraction, by a ſecret ſympathy ſubſiſting in them, I am not without the hope that in ſo elegant a place as Bath, you will at leaſt be able to procure ſome woman of a ſuitable behaviour, with ſenſe ſufficient, and knowledge to bring up my children as I wiſh. I beg that you would ſuppoſe yourſelf at liberty to enter into any terms with ſuch a one as you yourſelf think proper, ſince I mean to ſpare no coſt upon a point of ſuch importance. I am quite impatient for a letter from you. It would highly pleaſe me, if you would charge my eldeſt daughter Harriet with ſome part of the correſpondence that will be between us;

as

as by ſuch means, ſhe will come herſelf to write correctly betimes, and to expreſs herſelf with ſome degree of eaſe. It is in your power to render more ſupportable the great misfortune that I have undergone, and to give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cheriſh ſuch a hope within me, to drive out the uneaſineſs that otherwiſe would overwhelm me; and ſubſcribe myſelf, with every ſentiment of gratitude, eſteem and friendſhip,

Yours, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Torrington, Jenny, (the maid) and Crape, (her footman.)

Crape, (entering.) Here is my lady Harbord's anſwer, madam, to your letter, with her compliments.

Mrs. Torrington. That is well! Is Benjamin in the houſe? Bid him come up: and come you with him likewiſe.

Mrs. Torrington, (having read the letter.)

Thank Heaven!—I have ſucceeded.—(*To her maid,*) Hold, Jenny: it is meant for you.

Jenny, (*reading.*) "I am quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid that you recommend me. One, of whom you ſpeak ſo very handſomely, muſt be a valuable ſervant; and I thank you for the preference that you have afforded me on this occaſion. She may come whenever ſhe thinks fit." (*giving back the letter with a trembling hand.*) Alas, my deareſt miſtreſs! what have I done then, that you are ſending me away? In what have I deſerved diſmiſſion?

Mrs. Torrington. You have not deſerved it, my poor Jenny. You have, at all times, been a dutiful girl, and if, hereafter, Providence ſhould otherwiſe diſpoſe my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at preſent, it is impoſſible that you ſhould continue with me any longer. We muſt abſolutely part. Be comforted; it will not, I perſuade myſelf, be long before I have you back. I would, till then, have given you wherewithal to live, but that I fear the danger that might threaten

threaten your youth and inexperience. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no leſs happy than you were with me, as I have recommended you to her protection in a very earneſt manner. Take this little preſent as a token of remembrance; there is likewiſe in the bottom drawer of my bureau, a quantity of clothes and linen which I give you. Go, my poor dear Jenny, and do not cry before me thus. My eyes are full enough of tears already. Go; and, when you have put all your things together, I will ſee you once more.

Jenny, (*wringing her hands.*) And muſt I quit you then, my deareſt lady? No; I cannot live without you; I will follow you wherever you are going.

Mrs. Torrington. (*with firmneſs.*) Let me beg, dear Jenny, if you love me, not to hurt my mind at preſent with your lamentations: leave me to myſelf. I want to be alone. Go, go, my poor dear friend. I have already mentioned that I would ſee you once again before we part.

Jenny, (*going out.*) My worthieſt miſtreſs!

Mrs. Torrington, Benjamin, (her coachman,) Crape, (the footman.)

Benjamin. Do you want me, madam? Are you going out this morning?

Mrs. Torrington. Wait a little, Benjamin. (*to Crape.*) Crape, how much may be owing to you?

Crape. Only for a quarter, madam.

Mrs. Torrington. There it is, beſides a half year more; that you may have a trifle for your ſubſiſtence till you find another place, as my affairs oblige me to leave home. I have been pleaſed with your behaviour in my ſervice, and drawn up this character, which you may ſhew, wherever you apply for employment. You are young, and know your buſineſs. You will eaſily procure a place. Farewel, and God be with you. (*The footman leaves the room with ſorrow in his countenance.*)

Benjamin. Ah! my good dear lady! I would fain believe that my turn is not coming.

Mrs. Torrington. It is with great reluctance I inform you that we muſt part.

Benjamin. What I leave you, madam! I, that

that ſaw you almoſt as ſoon as you were born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's! I, whom you conſidered as a part of your dowry, and declared that you did ſo; will you ſend me off, when I have been ſo many years your ſervant? Do you think me leſs attached to you at preſent on account of my age, than I was formerly! Alas! I have no wife or child. I have no friend but you, my deareſt miſtreſs! what will become of me then, if I muſt now be parted from you?

Mrs. Torrington. Benjamin, you may eaſily believe me, when I tell you that this parting cannot but afflict me. But you ſee, I have diſmiſſed my maid and footman, and you may judge, I cannot have occaſion for a coachman.

Benjamin. Cannot have occaſion! Are my maſter's affairs in confuſion then? I have wherewithal to feed your horſes many years to come, your bounty gave it me. Pray, then, let me die in my ſeat, and ſtill continue with you.

Mrs. Torrington. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart; but be you comforted. Your

maſter manages his fortune as a man of prudence ſhould do; and his wife is not in want of any thing: in proof of which, I give you my three horſes, and a trifle every year for your ſupport.

Benjamin. What me, ſo much, my dear miſtreſs? What uſe can I make of your bounty? I ſhould but die the ſooner, after I had it, out of grief for having loſt the worthy giver of it. Never, therefore, never——

Mrs. Torrington. I inſiſt on your acceptance of it, for my own, though not your ſatisfaction. I would willingly be happy in the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the reſt of your old age. Go then, my friend: you will diſtreſs me, ſhould you ſtay a minute longer.

Benjamin. Let me wiſh you then, at leaſt, a thouſand bleſſings. I am old; yet were I younger, ſhould not have ſufficient time to weep for having loſt you.

Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Torrington, (under the feigned name of Lambert, and in diſguiſe.)

Mrs. Torrington. Pardon me, madam, the liberty, of this intruſion. I have been in-

formed that you want a governeſs for three young ladies. Though I am far from thinking that I have all the neceſſary qualifications for ſuch an arduous undertaking, yet my ſituation induces me to beg that you would have ſo much goodneſs as to make a trial of me.

Mrs. Villars. May I aſk you, madam, who you are, and what your name is?

Mrs. Torrington. Lambert, madam; I am the unhappy widow of a man whom I loved, and ſtill love better than myſelf. In the affliction that beſets me, I ſhould look upon it as a conſolation, could I fill my time up with the education of your little ladies; I conjure you, madam, to beſtow this favour on me, if you have not yet engaged with any one. I dare perſuade myſelf, you will be ſatisfied with my ſolicitude to pleaſe you. I deſire no ſalary, I am above the poſſibility of want. It is only an employment that I requeſt, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Mrs. Villars. So affecting is your motive, that it intereſts me in your favour. You have then no children, madam?

Mrs. Torrington, (with emotion.) I had three,

three, that conſtituted all my hope and ſatisfaction; but, alas! my cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Mrs. Villars. I ſincerely pity you with all my heart! You ſeem a very tender mother; and deſerve that they ſhould have lived to recompenſe your feeling and affection.

Mrs. Torrington, (with a ſigh.) Ah, madam! they are ſtill, ſtill living. But, on that account (however ſtrange my ſtory) not leſs loſt to me. *(She weeps.)*

Mrs. Villars. I cannot comprehend you, madam; either your affliction has impaired your underſtanding, or you ſtifle in your heart ſome very great misfortune. Would you fear to truſt me with it? Poſſibly, I might be able to afford you ſome degree of conſolation.

Mrs. Torrington. Yes, madam; you only can afford me conſolation.

Mrs. Villars. What! I only? Let me know then what I can do for you? There is nothing that I would not with chearfulneſs perform to comfort you.

Mrs. Torrington. Then make me governeſs of your young ladies.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars. Is that all?

Mrs. Torrington. I can have nothing elſe to aſk; but what I aſk will make me happy, if you grant it.

Mrs. Villars. I cannot expreſs my aſtoniſhment at what you ſay. All this converſation is in ſome ſort like a viſion. Though you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I feel within me a deſire to give you mine. I will bring you in the three young ladies. Will you undergo a ſlight examination of your abilities to diſcharge the employment that you ſolicit? if, as I have not a doubt, you juſtify the idea that I have formed concerning them, I promiſe to entruſt you with their education.

Mrs. Torrington, (in tranſport.) O my noble benefactreſs! I cannot contain my joy! then I have your promiſe?

Mrs. Villars. Yes, madam; but on ſuch conditions as I mentioned.

Mrs. Torrington. Madam, I deſire no better; and thank Heaven and you I have again recovered my three children?

Mrs. Villars. Your three children, madam! What three children?

Mrs. Torrington. Thoſe that you have undertaken to protect, the three Miſs Torringtons. You ſee before you their unhappy, but yet guiltleſs mother, whom her huſband has parted from them. I have left my property behind me, and diſguiſed my name and circumſtances, to procure an introduction to my children. I was fearful of diſcovering who I was, till I had obtained your promiſe. I am ſenſible, my huſband has written to you about ſomething which he imagines I have done amiſs; but yet, I dare perſuade myſelf, my preſent conduct has already proved how innocent I muſt be of his accuſation. A good mother connot ſurely be a wicked wife!

Mrs. Villars, (embracing her.) O moſt affectionate, but yet courageous woman! I want words ſhew my joy and admiration. Could it poſſibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Torrington was hid beneath this ſorrowful diſguiſe?

Mrs. Torrington. The metamorphoſis has not been painful to me; and, in future, I am ſeriouſly determined to ſupport it. No one in the world, madam, except you, ſhall ever be acquainted who I am. Confide upon

upon my promiſe. By whatever you yourſelf conceive moſt ſacred, will I ſwear, that not a word ſhall ever eſcape me, to reveal the ſecret.

Mrs. Villars. And on my part too, I promiſe you the ſame diſcretion. But your daughters?

Mrs. Torrington. I ſhall find it a hard taſk, indeed, to keep myſelf a ſtranger, as it were, to them, and ſo ſuppreſs the workings of my motherly affection: But no other way is left me. Only aid me while I perſonate my part. As ſoon as the deception is eſtabliſhed once, it will ſupport itſelf. I ſhould be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldeſt daughter, Harriet. She, I am afraid, will know me. I muſt perſevere, however, in the pious impoſition.

Mrs. Villars. I can bear no longer this affecting ſcene, but will be gone, and bring you in the children. (*She goes out, and almoſt inſtantly returns, with Harriet and her ſiſters; who all make a curtſey to Mrs. Torrington, conſidering her from head to foot, with great attention and embarraſſment.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars. My dear little ladies, it is to let you ſee this gentlewoman whom I have choſen to be with you, as your governeſs. I dare engage you will be happy under her. I think, I may aſſure you of her care and friendſhip; and expect that you, on your part, will obey and love her, juſt as if you thought her your mama.

Harriet, (*falling into her arms.*) It is our mama! it is ſhe herſelf!

Sophia and Caroline. Mama! mama! You are returned then? (*They all cling to her, with repeated kiſſes; but ſhe keeps up a reſerved and ſerious countenance.*)

Mrs. Villars. Truly, I was thinking that you would all be much deceived. I had myſelf the ſame idea of the lady; I fancied, I know not for what reaſon, that ſhe was your mama.

Harriet. And ſo ſhe is; my heart informs me ſo, as truly as my eyes.

Sophia. And have you brought me any thing?

Carolina. Ay, where is the doll that you promiſed me, mama? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. Tarrington. My dear little ladies, I am ſorry to ſee you all in ſuch an error. I am

am not your mother. You know, ſhe is a great way off.

Harriet. No, no: you are our dear mama. We cannot be deceived. You have not ſuch a charming dreſs on as ſhe wears, but then you have her face, and her ſhape, and her ſweet voice.

Mrs. Torrington. Is it poſſible that I ſhould reſemble your mama ſo much? If ſo, I am very glad, on your account, as well as my own: it will make us ſo much better friends to one another: will it not, young ladies? I dare ſay you begin to love me a little already, don't you?

Sophia. O! much, much, mama.

Caroline. And I too? If you did but know—

Harriet, (weeping.) What have we done, mama, that you ſhould grieve us thus? that you ſhould tell us you are not our mother? but, however, we are all of us your children.

Mrs. Villars. Come, good madam, you muſt be what they would have you; and ſince they reſolve to call you mother, take that name upon you: it will give them pleaſure. And, young ladies, if you like it, you may call *me* mother likewiſe.

Harriet

Harriet. We do not wiſh to affront you, but though you love us, you will never be our mother.

Mrs. Torrington. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wiſh to make me your mama, I wiſh it likewiſe; and will have as much affection for you, as if really I were ſo. My dear Harriet, and my dear Sophia, and my dear, ſweet, little Caroline. (*She embraces them with tranſport.*)

Harriet. How happy we all are, in having our mama again! We thought continually of you, in your abſence; and did hardly any thing but cry ſince you firſt left us.

Mrs. Torrington, (*whiſpering Mrs. Villars.*) I foreſaw that Harriet would diſcover me; and therefore I muſt make her of my party, by diſcovering my intention to her. Then take away her ſiſters for a moment, if you can.

Mrs. Villars, (*whiſpering Mrs. Torrington.*) Yes, I underſtand you.—(*To Sophia and Caroline.*) Come, my little angels, I will let you have the play-things that your mama, as you would have her called, has brought you. (*She goes out with Sophia and Caroline.*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet.

Mrs. Torrington. We are now alone, my dear Harriet; I may indulge the happineſs that I feel in preſſing you to my heart

Harriet, (*falling into her arms.*) Ah, now you are my good mama, indeed. But pray, never for the future, tell us that you are not.

Mrs. Torrington. Be it ſo, my deareſt Harriet: but there is one thing that I inſiſt on, in my turn.

Harriet. Oh! any thing in the world, mama.

Mrs. Torrington. Then, if you love me, Harriet, do not tell any one that I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Lambert; you underſtand. It is of the greateſt conſequence to my affairs; and for a reaſon, which I have not time to tell you now, it is neceſſary that I ſhould be unknown.

Harriet. How, would you have me ceaſe to call you my mama? you that I love ſo much?

Mrs. Torrington. And do you think that my love conſiders it leſs painful, to deny myſelf the only name, which can at all times make me happy?

Harriet.

Harriet. Well then, I obey; but every time that it comes not from my lips, when I am ſpeaking to you, ſuppoſe me to pronounce it in my heart.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAR PAPA,

I HAVE ſo many things to write to you, that I cannot tell with which I ſhould begin my letter. We are now no longer at Mrs. Villars's, but have removed to Mrs. Lambert, our governeſs's houſe; it is in the Circus, and a very pleaſant ſituation. You cannot poſſibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She is ſuch a charming woman! quite as kind as our mama! She loves us juſt as if we were her children, and we love her alſo juſt as if ſhe were our mother! There is no need of laying out your money to have maſters come and teach us; ſhe herſelf knows every thing that we ought to learn. You would imagine ſhe conſidered it her happineſs to teach us; and

and ſhe does it in ſo kind a way, that we are all delighted with inſtruction at her hands. Sophia and little Caroline already read quite charmingly, ſo much attention Mrs. Lambert has paid them! As for me, I have begun a courſe of geography and hiſtory with her: this, together with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces both in verſe and proſe, which I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the afternoon, for recreation ſake, I go to drawing, dancing, and the harpſicord; and when the evening comes, ſit down and take my needle, at the uſe of which you cannot imagine how clever Mrs. Lambert is: and laſtly, to complete myſelf in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expences of a houſe, ſhe gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me ſet down every little ſum of money that ſhe lays out. By theſe means I begin to know the price of many things, and, as ſhe tells me, may become your little ſtewardeſs when I return. With ſo much on my hands to do all day, you will perhaps imagine that I am tired at night; not at all, papa. I am happy, on the contrary,

to

to think that I have ſo well filled up my time, and ſhould have reaſon to complain, if any one deprived me of ſuch charming occupations.

I have put a little trick on Mrs. Lambert, and mean to tell you what it is. She went the other day with Caroline to viſit Mrs. Villars, and left me at home to keep Sophia company. I thought it would divert her if I read a little; ſo I took a book that we have, called the Theatre of Education, from the French, and read the *Poor Blind Woman*. I could not refrain from crying very much; but, to my great ſurpriſe, Sophia did not. This quite vexed me, as you may eaſily imagine; upon which I pinched her, that ſhe might cry and keep me company. She cried indeed, and more a great deal than I wanted her to do. At laſt, however, I appeaſed her, after many kiſſes and careſſes, but was angry with myſelf for having hurt her. I ſuppoſe, ſome object took off her attention while I read, and naturally thought that ſhe would be really affected, could ſhe read the piece herſelf: with this idea in my head, I formed a plan of putting her to con

this

this charming piece in private, till ſhe could read it perfectly; and Mrs. Lambert could not refrain laſt night from wondering at the progreſs that ſhe had made. We did not let her know our ſecret, but propoſe to catch her ſo again with Caroline. I am quite rejoiced that we can have theſe opportunities of pleaſing her, for all the trouble that ſhe is every moment taking upon our account.

Theſe, dear papa, are our amuſements and our ſtudies here; to which, if you add our walks about the place, our viſits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then aſſiſt with old clothes and money, and our labours in a little garden, where we tend our flowers, you will have the hiſtory of our time at large. We never were ſo well in health as now, and never in our lives ſo happy; we want nothing but the pleaſure of your company. If you would only take a little journey down to Bath, I would give every thing in the world that you might ſee this Mrs. Lambert. I am ſure, no woman breathing would prove worthier of your friendſhip. Oh! come, come papa!

But you muſt know, I have Caroline at preſent at my elbow, and ſhe aſks me if I

am writing to you. She is ſo proud of having ſcrawled theſe few days paſt what ſhe calls letters, in a copy-book that Mrs. Lambert has made her, that ſhe ſays ſhe too will ſcribble you a line or two. It will be a charming hodge-podge, I foreſee, of great and little letters, and fine ſpelling, if ſhe ſets about it; but no matter, I muſt pleaſe her. She has got a pen in hand already, and is groping in the ſtandiſh for ink. She is tugging me this very moment by the apron to leave off, and give her up my ſeat. Adieu then, dear papa. My governeſs deſires me to preſent you her reſpects. Sophia's duty to you, and mine alſo. I am, &c.

Harriet Torrington.

LETTER V.

To Mr. Torrington.

SIR,

YOU certainly remember what you have often ſaid you would ſubmit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother.

mother. I have met with one, whoſe qualities are even greater than your wiſhes, for the education of your children; and with juſtice I might claim the full performance of your promiſe, and expect that you ſhould ſet out for Bath upon your head. However, lay aſide your fears; I will not abuſe my power, but ſhew you no leſs mercy than the confidence that you have repoſed in me. I claim one ſole condition of you, or requeſt rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as ſoon as poſſibly you can. Do not aſk what reaſon I can have for this abrupt requeſt, as you ſhall know it when you are here. You have only to ſet out, and that immediately, unleſs you wiſh me to repent that I have taken ſuch concern in your affairs. Yours, faithfully,

HORTENSIA VILLARS.

P. S. Harriet begs me to incloſe my note within her letter, ſo that you may read hers firſt.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Villars.

MY DEAR AND VALUABLE FRIEND,

I PAY obedience to your letter, and leave town immediately, as you enjoin me; ſo that this reply will not have reached you half a dozen hours before you ſee me. In reality, I wiſh to have it go before-hand, and in ſome ſort ſpare my tongue the ſhame and trouble of revealing what it is to tell you. Shall I even have ſufficient courage thus to let you know my ſituation? but the caſe is urgent; and beſides, I merit my humiliation. Well then, know, madam, I have ſhewn myſelf the moſt unjuſt and cruel of all huſbands! I have dared to diſparage the unſpotted virtue of my Amelia with my ſcandalous ſuſpicions; of my Amelia, I repeat, whoſe very looks I am unworthy now to meet. It was when I moſt inſulted her that ſhe was moſt ſtudious to preſerve my name from ignominy. One of my relations, a young man whom I patronized,

nized, was on the point of being utterly diſgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities which he durſt not communicate to me, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was ſhe who, with the fruits of her œconomy, delivered him from the diſhonour that he was going to bring both upon himſelf and me. She had ſufficient ſtrength of mind to bear with my unworthy treatment and aſperſions, rather than expoſe him to my indignation by revealing his delinquency. I have diſcovered very recently this motive for thoſe ſecret interviews that ſo diſturbed my mind, and cannot keep from curſing my deteſted jealouſy. But how ſhall I endure her preſence? At her feet, and without daring to look up, I will implore her pardon. I am poſting to that quarter where ſhe has fixed her retirement: fortunately I muſt paſs through Bath to reach it. I ſhall ſee you by the way, and kiſs my almoſt orphan little ones. Farewel! I dare not ſign a name which my jealouſy has made ſo criminal.

Mrs. Villars, Mr. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Well, papa, ſo you are pleaſed with what we have told you?

Sophia. And think us very much improved?

Mr. Torrington. Yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have ſeen!

Caroline. As well as with the little letter of my writing? Was not it quite pretty?

Mr. Torrington. Admirable, like yourſelf, my little Caroline! But where is your worthy governeſs? I wiſh to ſee and thank her.

Mrs. Villars. I ſee her coming this way. We will leave you with her. Come, my little dears, come along with me. (*She goes out with Harriet, Sophia and Caroline.*)

Mr. Torrington, Mrs. Torrington.

(*Mrs. Torrington comes in, but with a trembling ſtep; and Mr. Torrington advances towards her.*) Madam, let me aſk your pardon!—But—whoſe features do I ſee?—Who is this?

Mrs

Mrs. Torrington. Well, ſir, what cauſes this confuſion! Are you ſorry that I have the care and education of your children?

Mr. Torrington. Sorry! Nothing in you ever ſhould have made me wonder, had I but deſerved the happineſs of knowing you. —My Amelia!

Mrs. Torrington. Why beſtow that name upon me? I have put it off.

Mr. Torrington. You have, indeed; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I ſhall implore you to reſume it. (*He falls upon his knees before her.*)

Mrs. Torrington. What, would you do, ſir?

Mr. Torrington. If you would not behold me die.—one word!—one ſingle word! one of thoſe ſweetly ſounding accents that were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. Torrington. Well, then, deareſt huſband, riſe, and come to the embrace of your Amelia, who ſtill loves you.

Mr. Torrington. It is too much!—Too much!—I aſk not ſuch a bleſſing!—Tell me only that you have ceaſed to hate me.

Mrs. Torrington. It ſhould be my puniſhment to aſk your pardon, could ſuch hatred

ever come into my heart. Speak only of *my* happineſs: I think of nothing in the world but *yours*. Come, then, and let us both be happy in the converſation of our children.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Villars.

DEAR MADAM,

I LEAVE Bath with every ſenſe of gratitude that the ſervices which I have experienced from your friendſhip cannot but inſpire, and fly towards London, where I mean to furniſh a new houſe for my Amelia. She deſigns to follow me ſome few days hence, and to bring the children with her. I hope you, madam, will alſo come and take your portion in the happineſs that you have reſtored to, &c.

Arthur Torrington.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

INSTEAD of ſeeing me, or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and

and lamentation. On the day after your departure, Harriet and Sophia all at once complained of being feveriſh, and were attacked with ſuch a head-ache that they could not poſſibly keep up. We put them, therefore, inſtantly to bed. Towards evening, Caroline made juſt the ſame complaint. All three are now covered quite over with a very thick ſmall-pox of ſuch a ſort as I am told is very virulent. I muſt forget that I never had this dreadful malady myſelf. All night, as well as day, I keep my ſituation by their bed, and every moment fear they will be ſuffocated. I have felt already, in myſelf, a laſſitude and heat in every limb; but my affection makes me ſtronger than I ſhould be otherwiſe. Their love and tenderneſs ſuſtain my courage. I perceive that, in the height of all their ſufferings, they refrain, as much as they are able, from complaint, for fear of giving me uneaſineſs. In the delirium of their fever, they do nothing but pronounce your name and mine, with tones of voice ſo moving, that one cannot poſſibly expreſs them; and no earlier than this very morning, Caroline deſired to ſee you. I replied that I could not ſend to

London for you, leſt you ſhould catch her illneſs. "Oh, no, no, mama, ſaid ſhe, do not be afraid; I'll keep it all myſelf!"—— "My child, replied I upon this, you might communicate the infection to him, without loſing it yourſelf."—"So much the worſe," ſaid Caroline, and ſwooned away with weakneſs; but ſoon after, coming to herſelf, ſhe called me, ſaying, "Dear mama, you have the picture of papa about your neck; pray let me kiſs it! There is no fear, I ſuppoſe, that *it* will catch the ſmall-pox from me." ——Deareſt children! ſhould I loſe you! Should myſelf, perhaps——I ſee about me the preſages of a dreadful ſeparation!—Arm yourſelf therefore with reſolution, my dear huſband! our life in this world is but as it were a moment, Harriet is afraid leſt my letter ſhould afflict you, and requeſts, with tears, that I would permit her writing ſomething to conſole you. I am fearful ſuch an effort may exhauſt her, but more fearful to afflict her by my refuſal; I am, therefore, giving her my letter, and her trembling hand writes this:

"*My*

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"*We are extremely ill all three; but yet* "*that is nothing, ſo do not grieve yourſelf.* "*I hope*———"

She cannot write another word. I find my ſtrength forſake me too. I am ſeized all over with a mortal pain. I hear Sophia groan, and muſt go to her ſuccour. Farewel, deareſt friend! Take hope; or arm yourſelf with fortitude of mind in this diſtreſs, as poſſibly it may be needful. But particularly, whether life or death enſue, love always, yours,

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAR FRIEND,

HOW ſhall I expreſs the melancholy news of which you muſt be, notwithſtanding its unwelcomeneſs, acquainted! Try, if you are able, to divine the matter; for my trem-blind hand demurs to write it. Caroline

ſtill lives; but, as for Harriet and Sophia—they, alas! are in the land of ſpirits. Your unhappy wife, as you may eaſily ſuppoſe, was overwhelmed beneath this two-fold loſs; for grief and watching ſo depreſſed her, that the infection which ſhe received ſoon brought her to the laſt extremity. Believe me, my dear friend, when I proteſt that I would have bought her life, could I have done ſo, with the half of mine! But what avail theſe empty wiſhes? I can keep the fatal ſecret hid no longer. At this moment they are ringing for her funeral. She was not able to ſurvive her children many hours. Though you had flown to ſee her once again, you would certainly not have known her, ſo much had the violence of the diſorder changed her features! I was with her conſtantly. I did not leave her bed a moment. I received her parting ſighs, and cloſed her eye-lids. It was altogether ſuch a ſcene as will for ever live in my ideas. I ſhall find it difficult to repreſent her fortitude and reſignation to God's will. It was not for herſelf that ſhe ſorrowed: her laſt words were a fervent ſupplication in behalf of Caro-

Caroline and you. What conſolation could I give you for her loſs, of which my heart has not as great a need as yours has? Herſelf alone can ſoften your affliction. Read the incloſed of which ſhe wrote herſelf the firſt eight lines, and with a faultering accent dictated the reſt. I join my voice to hers; and in the ardour of my friendſhip, turn your recollection on the child that is ſtill left you; and to whom you owe now, more than ever, all the love and tenderneſs that a father can ſhew. I will ſend her to you, when ſhe is perfectly recovered. Her endearing manner will conſole your boſom, and her education occupy your mind, which otherwiſe might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that I have nothing to offer you but the melancholy language of condolence.

Yours,

HORTENSIA VILLARS.

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LETTER X.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAREST HUSBAND,

I FIND myſelf expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myſelf, are holding out their arms that I ſhould follow them; and we ſhall reſt together in one tomb. Your life is mine. I give it my ſurviving infant. Caroline is left to repreſent me. Shew her all your tenderneſs. Be her ſupport; and may *ſhe* prove your conſolation! Life is ſhort, and you will both ere long rejoin us, when we ſhall not fear a further ſeparation. Think not of my loſs ſo much, as of the happy place where I ſhall wait your coming. What I was in this life, I will ſtill continue in another, namely, your

AMELIA.

OLD

OLD LAWRENCE.

LETTER I.

From George Wallace to Catharine.

DEAR CATHARINE,

I HAVE diſmal news to tell you! Our good old friend Lawrence is no more. You recollect, he had been out of order ever ſince laſt autumn. For a fortnight paſt he had not left his room. Laſt Monday evening, when I came from ſchool, they told me that he had died that afternoon. I could not, I aſſure you, refrain from crying bitterly. His long indiſpoſition had beforehand rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time that I had to ſpare from ſchool, in doing him whatever ſervice I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and, I may add too, our benefactor from the cradle. In our earlieſt childhood, we lived more a great deal in his arms, than on our feet. He was never out

of temper, but always kind and chearful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to afford us any new pleaſure, or to diſguiſe an old one ſo that we might think it new! I verily believe, that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer uſeful to us. He had been of older ſtanding in the family than our papa; and though he was no better than a common ſervant, every body looked upon him with a ſort of veneration. During his laſt illneſs, no one paid a viſit here without enquiring; "and how fares the good Old Lawrence?" I could ſee that the queſtion was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Lawrence as a very faithful friend. If ſo, no wonder then that he ſupported him in his old age, and gave him every ſort of comfort that he could require. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably ſituated, or more attentively treated. Laſt night, when he was buried, I deſired papa's permiſſion to be preſent at the ceremony. He could not, without ſome difficulty, grant me ſuch a favour, leſt it might have a bad effect upon me: but he ſaw that I ſhould have ſuffered more from being abſent.

ſent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the pall. I thought that by this office we were ſtill attached to one another, and that really in ſome ſort I poſſeſſed him ſtill. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was juſt as if it had been numbed, and did not open without difficulty; but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and eſpecially when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off from the ſpot. Till then I could not be perſuaded that death had wholly ſeparated us. As long as I could ſee his coffin, there remained ſtill ſomething of him; but when this remainder diſappeared, then I felt that I had for ever loſt him. All night long I ſaw him in my dreams: his ghoſt by no means frightened me: it ſeemed to ſmile upon me, and I ruſhed into its arms. I paſſed this morning in my chamber all alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I deſigned to ſend you but a line or two, whereas my ſubject has extended while I ſpoke of Lawrence.—Our good friend is come to ſee me; Mr. Hutton, that venerable worthy man, who takes ſo much delight in

in giving people pleaſure when he cannot do them good; and he has left me an exceedingly pathetic ſtory of a ſervant woman who worked hard to ſupport her miſtreſs after ſhe was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it ſo exceedingly pathetic, that I ſet immediately about tranſcribing it, and ſend you a fair copy, ſince the reading of it may be a ſolace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendſhip that Elſpy performed, I cried out, This Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the ſituation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! Ah, my good friend Lawrence!—Fare you well, dear ſiſter! I muſt here conclude my letter being ſent for down by my papa to entertain him, gloomy as I am myſelf. Aſſure my aunt and uncle of my beſt reſpects, and let each have two ſweet kiſſes, which they will place to my account. We have had a loſs in Lawrence, which we cannot poſſibly make up but by loving one another more ſincerely. Farewel then, once more! from him who, with a renewed heart of friend and brother, ſigns himſelf yours,

GEORGE WALLACE.

ELSPY CAMPBELL.

(This piece was incloſed in the preceding letter.)

MRS. Macdowell, a widow lady, of an ancient and reſpectable family in Scotland, after having enjoyed the advantages of fortune till the age of fifty years, ſaw herſelf all at once ſuddenly deprived of them, and reduced to the moſt helpleſs indigence. She never had been bleſſed with any children, who might now ſupport her by the labour of their induſtry; and every other individual of the family was equally involved in her misfortunes. Wandering in the Highlands, ſhe was all day long ſoliciting a ſhelter for the night, and a morſel of bread for her ſubſiſtence.

Elſpy Campbell, who had been her faithful ſervant many years, and was always treated very kindly by her miſtreſs, learnt theſe diſmal tidings in her humble cottage, whither ſhe was now retired to paſs the remnant of her days, far diſtant from her former ſervice. She immediately ſet out in ſearch

ſearch of her reſpectable miſtreſs. There was a line marked out by her misfortunes, and the grateful Elſpy had but to walk in it. After much laborious travel, ſhe at laſt found the mournful object of her journey, and falling down on the ground before her, began thus: "Oh, my dear good miſtreſs! though I am hardly younger than yourſelf, I am, notwithſtanding that, much ſtronger and more capable of working. You, on the contrary, are far too feeble to go through with any thing like labour, on account of your former way of life, your troubles, and the ſeveral infirmities that are come all at once upon you. Come and take up your abode with me. I have a little cottage: it is well ſituated, and keeps out the weather. In addition to my cottage, I have a garden alſo, which produces me more potatoes than both of us can conſume. When I have tried all methods to ſupport you if I can, or rather when God's providence has done whatever he thinks proper to ſupport us both, you ſhall be free to quit me, if you find an inn with better entertainment; or ſtay with me, if you ſhould not find one. Be of courage, my dear miſtreſs! I was al-

ways

ways ſtout and hearty in your ſervice, and thank God I am ſtill the ſame. I will find you food, if any will but ſhew itſelf, when I have ſown my little bit of ground; and if it will not ſhew itſelf, in that caſe I will dig down till I find it."

"O my generous Elſpy!" ſaid the afflicted widow, "I reſign myſelf entirely to your friendſhip. I will live and die with one of ſo much gratitude; for I am ſure, God's bleſſing will be always with you."—They ſet out immediately for Elſpy's dwelling. The cottage was indeed extremely little, but was in a healthful ſituation: cleanlineſs and order were the only decorations that it could boaſt. There was a hole on one ſide in the wall, through which a little light proceeded, when the wind was not that way: but when it would have incommoded her, the hole was ſtopped completely by a ſod, and poor Elſpy was obliged to be contented with the little light that reached her down the chimney. Elſpy's bed, which was inviſible when people entered, was defended from the cold that would have reached it through the door-way, by a bank of earth. It had a mattraſs ſtuft with ſtraw, good

good ſheets, a pair of blankets, and coarſe woollen rug. It had no curtains; but when Elſpy found that ſhe was in future to be honoured with the friendſhip and ſociety of ſo reſpectable a gueſt, ſhe bethought herſelf to hang the walls about it with a bulruſh lining, which was warmer than the ſilkieſt damaſk. In this bed ſlept Mrs. Macdowell, with her feet both placed againſt poor Elſpy's boſom, who was uſed to bend herſelf almoſt double, round the widow's legs, that ſhe might keep them warm. She never would conſent to lie beſide her miſtreſs; but the more ſhe ſaw her fallen from her former ſplendour, ſtill the more obedience and reſpect ſhe ſhowed her, to wipe out by that means all idea of the change ſhe had experienced in her fortune. An old Bible, Robinſon Cruſoe, and a few odd volumes of devotion and morality, which once had covers, furniſhed ample matter for their evening's converſations. With reſpect to their repaſts, they frequently had eggs, at all times milk, and were never without potatoes. The beſt baked potatoes, freſheſt eggs, and largeſt bowl of milk, were conſtantly placed before Mrs. Macdowell.

It will doubtleſs be a matter of ſome curioſity to know how Elſpy could keep up the honours of her cot in ſuch a ſtate of œconomical abundance. To do this, ſhe had her ſpinning-wheel in winter, and her labours of the field in harveſt. It muſt notwithſtanding be acknowledged that ſhe poſſeſſed a manifeſt advantage over every younger woman, not ſo much for any natural activity, as for an obtuſe angle in her line of bodily direction, ſo that both her her hands and eyes were nearer by a great deal to the ground than otherwiſe they would have been, and readier for her ſpinning-wheel. Beſides, when things were raiſed in price above her means to purchaſe them, ſhe had but to go out and beg aſſiſtance in the neighbouring towns and villages. For this ſhe had contrived a tolerable efficacious method. She would go among the richeſt farmers only, and when got before their door, ſtand ſtill, and lifting up her hands to heaven, cry out, "I come to aſk your charity, by no means for myſelf, for I can live on any thing, but for my miſtreſs, a lady of noble blood, daughter of Lord James, and grand-child of Lord Archibald."—If the farmers

farmers gave her any thing, or what ſufficed her reaſonable expectations, ſhe would add, "May the Almighty's bleſſing, with my miſtreſs's, and Elſpy Campbell's, come upon this houſe and its inhabitants!"—It is eaſy to imagine what ſucceſs this bleſſing, and the expectation of a different ſalutation from the lips of Elſpy, had ſhe been refuſed, produced from people naturally hoſpitable, and exceedingly attached to their nobility. She obtained by this method, victuals, cloaths, and very often money, which ſhe carefully put up to buy her miſtreſs ſhoes and ſtockings; and theſe, when half worn out, ſerved afterwards for herſelf.

Thus they lived, both happy; one in her exertions, and the other in her gratitude. The generous Elſpy was extremely rigorous on the ſubject of her duty. Mrs. Macdowell was a gentlewoman, and though ſupported by Elſpy, was not to forego the privileges of nobility; that is to ſay, ſhe was not to do any thing like work, no not ſo much as waſh her feet herſelf. One day, as Elſpy was employed in carrying out a baſket full of dung to lay on her potatoe beds, her miſtreſs had come out to get a pitcher full

of

of water, and was now returning with it to the cottage. Elſpy ſaw her, put the baſket down, and running to her, took away the pitcher, emptied it, and fetched her other water. When ſhe brought it in, ſhe ſaid with much reſpect, "Pardon me, madam! but you that are daughter of Lord James, and grand-child to Lord Archibald, never ſhall diſgrace yourſelf by carrying water while I live, and have my limbs to do it for you."

The report of ſo much generoſity in one ſo indigent, at laſt reached me who am the writer of this ſtory, and I ſent her, every quarter, ſuch aſſiſtance as my fortune would allow. As long as Elſpy lived, which was upwards of ſix years from the time of my firſt learning theſe particulars, whenever I ſat down to dine or ſup in company, and was required to give my toaſt, it was always Elſpy Campbell. My attachment to this name generally made the company eager to know ſomething of the lady who engroſſed ſo great a ſhare of my affection. They would conſequently aſk me, begging pardon for their freedom; when I told them, Elſpy

Campbell was an ancient beggar woman.—"What!" they would cry out, "a beggar!"—"Yes, but hear the reſt;" and then would follow the whole ſtory, ſuch in ſubſtance as I have already told it. Hardly ever could I finiſh, but half-crowns and half-guineas rained into my hat for Elſpy. Theſe ſmall ſums, which I was ſure to ſend her pretty often, once occaſioned her to aſk my ſervant, "Who is it that ſends you? Doubtleſs, he is a friend of God. He does me good as God does, though I never ſee him."

Mrs. Macdowell died, and Elſpy very quickly after, through affliction for the loſs of her good miſtreſs. She remembered nothing but the bounty of her former benefactreſs; what her gratitude had done in conſequence of that remembrance ſhe forgot.

The generous, the heroic ſervility of Elſpy was not, as it might have been, a ſpark of gratitude that crackled for a moment, and went out: it was an ardent flame that blazed for twenty years, till death ſuppreſſed it for a ſeaſon in the grave where ſhe was laid to reſt; for it is not utterly

put

put out, ſince from her aſhes it will certainly burſt forth again, with renovated brightneſs, on the morning of that day that never is to finiſh.

LETTER II.

From Catharine Wallace to George her brother.

DEAREST BROTHER,

WHAT ſorrowful tidings your letter brings me! Am I never more to ſee my dear friend Lawrence? Poor good man! he ſeemed to apprehend as much himſelf, the day that I left you to come here. "It is very likely, dear Miſs Kitty," ſaid he, "you will never ſee me more, and therefore think of me at leaſt." Alas! I have been thinking of him, and concluded how it would pleaſe him when he found that I had, on my return. I thought to knit him a ſtout pair of ſtockings for next winter's wear, and was at work upon them at the very moment that I received your letter, with intelligence that he was dead. The work fell from me. After I had picked it up, I ſhed a flood of tears. "They are not

then for him," I cried. "Oh! yes, they ſhall be; for I will finiſh both, and put them in my drawers, that they may daily be a token of remembrance for him."—You do not tell me in your letter if he often ſpoke about me. I am ſure he did, but that you feared to aggravate my grief by ſaying ſo. I am greatly grieved that I was not preſent to attend upon him in his ſickneſs, as I verily believe that the pleaſure of our ſervices would have prolonged his days. I think, you acted very properly in going to his burial. I acknowledge, had I been at home, I ſhould not have poſſeſſed a heart to do ſo; but am therefore more affected at your ſtrength of mind and friendſhip.

In the ſorrow cauſed me by your letter, it was impoſſible for me to read the hiſtory of Elſpy Campbell without ſhedding tears. I thank you for it, and am thoroughly convinced, as you are, that our friend Lawrence would have done the ſame for us, had we been in the place of Mrs. Macdowell. I imagine it is the fault of maſters, if the major part of ſervants are not Lawrences and Elſpies. They addreſs them frequently ſo roughly, how can they ſuppoſe their ſer-

vants ſhould do any thing but fear them? Since by accidental circumſtances they are placed in an inferior rank, is it humanity to tread them under foot? or rather, is it not our duty to afford ſuch tokens of affection as may raiſe them in their own eſteem, and gain us their attachment? People ſeek to make themſelves reſpected by their countrymen and neighbours: why not then do more, and ſeek to be reſpected in their families, by thoſe who are preſent with them every moment of the day? Why not look upon them as a ſecond claſs of children? Are there even many maſters who would do, to benefit the deareſt friend they are poſſeſſed of, what the generous Elſpy did in favour of her miſtreſs?—When my uncle had peruſed your letter, he informed me that a ſociety of gentlemen in France had very lately recompenſed a conduct juſt like Elſpy's. I am glad to hear that it meets with imitation. It muſt certainly ſhew maſters the neceſſity of being kind and courteous to their ſervants, ſince it ſhews them that, in ſpite of preſent fortune, they may come to want their ſuccour one day or another; nor can ſervants hear of ſuch a

conduct, and not feel a ſpecies of encouragement to ſerve their maſters with fidelity and diligence. I think, if ever we keep houſe, we ſhall be able, like papa, to fill it with ſuch people as will ſerve us with their hearts no leſs than with their hands.

This week has been a very ſad one for your poor ſiſter. Yeſterday my uncle took me out a walking with him in the country, to divert my ſorrow. Suddenly we heard a drum ſtrike up: we haſtened to the ſpot. It was for ſeveral new recruits that had been levied and were going then to join their regiments. There were mixed among the ſoldiers many country-women who no doubt had children, if not huſbands too, amongſt the party; for they did nothing but embrace and kiſs each other, and ſhed tears. When we had looked a little at this multitude, a woman dreſſed in mourning, of a very decent and reſpectable appearance, drew our obſervation. She was taking leave of a young man who bit his lips to keep from crying. She gave him a bottle, which my uncle ſaid was brandy, and a little piece of canvas that had ſomething wrapped up in it. He accepted one, but would not take

take the other, though ſhe preſſed him very earneſtly. My uncle upon this drew near, and ſaid, Is that your ſon there, my good woman? Yes, ſays ſhe, my only ſon, ſir, and the world has not a better. My poor huſband died ten months ago, and left me with three little girls beſides, the eldeſt not quite five years old. Our laſt bad harveſt made him run five pounds in debt. When he was dead, the creditors came on me, and I thought would take away my little field, which is all that we have for our ſupport. This recruiting party then were with us, and a wealthy farmer's ſon had ſomehow or another been drawn in to enliſt. He made it known about the country, that if any one would take his place, he ſhould receive four pounds. My ſon applied, and ſaid, that for five guineas he would be his man, which was at laſt agreed to. Of this I did not know a word until every thing was ſettled; otherwiſe I ſhould have begged my ſon to leave his ſiſters and myſelf to want a little for the preſent, rather than deprive me of his help, he being every thing imaginable to us, and the only friend that we have. I thought I ſhould have ſwooned

when he preſented me the guineas which he had juſt received for enliſting. I applied to the recruiting ſerjeant to break off the bargain, but he would not lend an ear to any thing that I ſaid. My ſon endeavoured to conſole me every way in his power, by ſaying that my little field was now ſet free, and therefore would preſerve the children and myſelf from real want. Be comforted, ſaid he; I ſhall be quartered in the neighbourhood a little longer, ſo that every evening, when our exerciſe is over, I can come and work a little for you; and at worſt my time of ſervice is not longer than three years, and I ſhall then have my diſcharge.—Alas! cried ſhe, when every thing was going on ſo well, I did not doubt of being able ſoon to pay my debts; and he muſt leave me now! Perhaps the war will come again, and I ſhall never ſee him more.

My uncle aſked her what it was that ſhe would have given him in the piece of canvas. She replied, it was a guinea which had been paid her, not a week before, by a lady, for the weaning of her child. It was all the money, added ſhe, that I have on

on earth, and I deſigned to keep it for ſome great emergency. I only wiſh that he would have taken it, but ſhould have known him better. He would never rob me, as he ſaid, no, not accept of any thing, when he had all day long been labouring for me; on the contrary, he uſed to give me what he earned among the farmers for his work. My uncle took down her direction, promiſing to do whatever he was able for her. She appeared extremely ſenſible of ſuch a kindneſs, and her ſenſibility affected me as much, for twenty times I was in tears while ſhe ſtood uttering her complaint; and yet I think, that I pitied the poor young man ſtill much more. It was very eaſy to diſcern the violence that he did himſelf, to hide his ſorrow from his mother and companions, notwithſtanding there was nothing in that ſorrow that he had any need to bluſh at. His poor mother wiſhed to go a little further with him; but, as ſoon as ever the drum ſtruck up, ſhe fell into a ſwoon. We brought her home, and tried all methods to conſole her: I, by gentle language, and my uncle by promiſes of kindneſs.

Hear me, my good brother, while I tell you an idea that has juſt now ſtruck me. From the loſs of Lawrence, we can tell how wretched they muſt be who are divided from the object of their love. The mother ſuffers ſurely more than we, as having loſt much more than we who do but mourn a friend. We cannot bring poor Lawrence back to life, but may reſtore at leaſt a ſon to his afflicted mother. I have done ſome needle-work to pleaſe my uncle, which he means to recompenſe by giving me an elegant new gown. I will have the gown in ready money. And do you, on your ſide, uſe the greateſt expedition to complete the drawing that my papa has ordered. I am ſure, he will pay you very generouſly for it. We will then unite our little ſtock, and purchaſe the young ſoldier his diſcharge, thus ſhewing our regard to the memory of old Lawrence: ſo that, if mankind are to be recompenſed in future, for the good that they do in this life, this kind action will be put to his account, who was the cauſe of it, and he will know that we love him ſtill as much as ever. I ſhall ſet out this day ſe'n-night to come home, when we will ſettle the

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the affair together, and desire papa to execute it. He will certainly be glad to serve us, and this hope is much the sweetest that I can taste, till I have once again the joy of seeing you. Farewel! I am rejoiced that I can on my part contribute the renewed friendship of which you speak, and which will last as long as I have breath. Yours,

CATHARINE WALLACE.

FIDELE.

LETTER I.

From Dormer Lennox to Jessica his sister.

DEAR SISTER,

I THINK, I see you put on an air of importance on receiving a letter from me already, when I have hardly got a mile beyond the threshold of the door. However, be not very proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the first place, by command; as my papa imagines that if I start a cor-

reſpondence and you ſecond it, we ſhall acquire ſome eaſe in letter-writing, which he ſays can only be attained by practice, juſt like other arts; and in the next place, ſince I write not ſo much for your ſake, as that of my canary-bird. When I ſet out, I quite forgot to recommend him to your friendſhip; and I know of ſome young ladies, who would have an object conſtantly before their eyes, and yet forget it if their memory ſhould not be continually intereſted by a compliment beſtowed, at ſeaſonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the fulneſs of my power, I make you governeſs of Fidele, and grant you the entire controul of his houſhold in future. Take the greateſt care not to forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. It is extremely proper that I ſhould make in this place one or two ſagacious obſervations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourſelf; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of ſinging, if he dies; and laſt of all, that if he ceaſes ſinging, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity.

I con-

I conceive it needful alſo to remind you of his ſervice the other day, when you were making ſuch ſad work as you remember of your minuet, by moving to his muſic while you diſregarded Mr. Dupré's kit. The little creature ſet up ſuch a pipe, that Mr. Dupré turned his anger all on him, forgetting what your giddy heels deſerved. Theſe reaſons are, I think, ſufficient to engage your friendſhip in behalf of Fidele: but ſtill, if gratitude and muſic have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I have nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.—Tremble therefore! Think him dead already. Yes, Jeſſica, dead! and then determine how you will be able to ſupport ſo ſhocking an idea. Fancy that you behold him lying with his feet uppermoſt, his wings grown ſtiff, his eyes and little beak ſhut faſt for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box that you intend for his coffin, and ſurrounded on every ſide with nightſhade, vervain, cypreſs-branches and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They enquire what cruel hand has plunged him thus into eternal darkneſs. A lamenting voice makes

anſwer,

anſwer, It was I, unfeeling as I am! and inſtantly you throw yourſelf beſide him. But I think you weep. If ſo, let me cry, Victory! for I have nothing now to fear upon account of Fidele, or for the quiet of your ſhade. Beſides his ordinary victuals, do not forget to let him have every day, a bit of biſcuit or a lump of ſugar. You will alſo do extremely well to ſhade his houſe with ſomething green, as it would ſoften his affliction in my abſence. As I dare perſuade myſelf that you will for my ſake worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpoſe ſending you, as ſome encouragement for all your zeal and induſtry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will ſee adventures and atchievements in it, ſuch as ſhould be handed down to late poſterity. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter. I give up the playful ſtile, at leaſt to tell you, as perſuaſively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I ſhall always be,

Your gentle brother,

DORMER LENNOX.

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LETTER II.

From Jeſſica to Dormer.

DEAR BROTHER,

TRULY one muſt have queer notions to ſuppoſe that a ſiſter ſhould be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine, all the boaſting ſhould be rather upon your ſide in reflecting, that for once at leaſt you have performed your duty, and not had your ears well pulled before-hand; though you loſe all merit in the matter, by inſinuating that you have written to me by papa's command, and for the ſake of little Noiſy. But indeed, you needed not have recommended Fidele ſo ſtrongly to my care, or laviſhed ſuch a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He is worthy of all my attention on his own account; ſo pray do not be uneaſy leſt I ſhould not uſe him kindly. It is true, I ſhall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of ſome little boys that I know, who would not care a farthing ſhould he burſt, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly.

Very

Very likely too they would make one think that they overload him thus with victuals purely through kindneſs, when they only do it, that they may not have ſo troubleſome a taſk again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I will ſhow myſelf much more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly ſhall have freſh victuals every morning. Yeſterday when I approached his cage to clean it, the firſt thing that I ſaw was ſeed ſufficient to ſubſiſt him for a month, without including what was ſcattered on the bottom. To be ſure, I muſt confeſs he is ſuch a ſpendthrift, that he ſcatters more about him in an hour, than would ſuffice him for a day. But how ſhall I deſcribe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention or your ſlothful waſte, it was exactly like a pond, occaſioned by continual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Fidele could not deſcend for fear of being drowned. How rejoiced he was to ſee the dry land! At firſt, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he tried it with one foot, while with the other he clung cloſely to the wire-work. Thus without

the

the leaſt expence have I enlarged his habitation; for he always kept upon the perches, fearing to dirt his feet and tail at leaſt, if not, as I have ſaid juſt now, to be drowned. I have ſtrewed a layer of fine ſand upon the bottom of his manſion, and adorned the ſides and top with groundſel, ſo that now he may ſuppoſe himſelf within a ſhady grove. In future, brother, you may do as you think proper, but it is I that take upon me to provide for Fidele. I will have his palace ſerve you as a model of propriety and taſte in *your* apartment. I have written now enough, I think, to quiet the uneaſineſs that you intimated in your letter; and muſt tell you that I have alſo my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy-headed, and we have here a ſly black cat that comes a prowling daily. Take you care when you return. I have obſerved that he has conceived a love for Fidele, ſufficient to alarm one. Yeſterday betimes, when I came in to give him food, I forgot to ſhut the door, and puſs had crept in ſlily after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I begun to thumb your books,

books, when ſuddenly I heard a tender *mewing* behind me: I turned inſtantly about, and ſaw Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a ſofa, oppoſite the cage. He was admiring Fidele, he played his tail about, and ſeemed to ſay, "My dear, ſweet pretty bird, come now and perch cloſe by me; or elſe ſtay, I will jump upon your cage, for only ſee what nice ſoft paws I have to hug you! (but remark, he carefully concealed his claws.) I will fondle you all day, and preſs you to my tender heart. Do not let my whiſkers frighten you: they are long enough, I muſt acknowledge, but won't hurt you. I have a little mouth beneath them, Fidele, with which I will kiſs your pretty beak." Now what do you imagine Fidele replied to theſe fine words?—Why nothing; but with eaſe one might diſcern that he was not likely to become Grimalkin's dupe; and I ſuppoſe in puſſy's place he would have been as great a rogue. Have you been his inſtructor, brother, after all?—He ſtooped and raiſed his head, he ſhook his feathers, and caſt many a look of diffidence upon the orator, and of confidence on me, as if he would

would have ſaid, "I know you very well. Your ſugared words, your nice ſoft paws, and little mouth concealed beneath your whiſkers, are no leſs perfidious than your tender heart. You may deceive perhaps a poor mouſe: but me—Oh! no: I laugh at all your cunning, and defy your malice. I have here a friend to ſave me." Upon which he ſet a crying *queek, queek, queek,* with all his might. I underſtood him perfectly well; and without pretending that I heard any thing, I ran inſtantly to that part of the chamber, where there ſtood a ciſtern full of water, and beſprinkled our young gentleman ſo finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendſhip. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away, he ſhook his coat as if he had the ague. Recollect this obſervation, ſhould he come incognito upon a viſit, after you have returned.

This mealy-mouthed, good-natured animal, whom many in the world reſemble, made me recollect an Ode our friend wrote, and which was lying in the paper-caſe. I ſend it you, that if you know of any good compoſer in your neighbourhood, you may pre-

prevail upon him, for my ſake, to ſet it, as they ſay, to muſic.

O D E.

Of thoſe folks with the ſly hypocritical air,
With manners ſo nice,
And looks ſo preciſe,
The ſight I was never yet able to bear.

When I ſee them, I think of a cat on the watch:
Near ſome high-ſeaſon'd diſh,
Whether fleſh, fowl, or fiſh,
Where the ſcent is ſo ſweet,
He would venture his feet,
And longs to be making a ſnatch.

With an innocent look, quite gentle and free,
He'll jump on your knee,
There waving his tail, he'll mew, and all that;
And ſo fondly he'll pat,
And appear ſo demure,
That you'll think, to be ſure
No miſchief can lurk in the heart of our cat.

At

At the ſavoury bit which already in fancy
He has eaten up quite,
You'll hardly perceive him to caſt a ſly
Yet look but aſkance, [glance;
And at once to your ti-bitd good night:
For taking a ſpring at the morſel ſo nice,
He makes ſure of his prey, and then off
in a trice, [cromancy.
Heigh-preſto! you'd ſwear it was all ne-

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative that you promiſe of your travels, which muſt needs be very curious. I ſhall go and dine to-morrow in the country with mama. If any thing ſhould happen of an intereſting nature on the road, I pledge myſelf to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a viſit to poſterity, I ſhall be charmed to ſhare with you in the praiſe of our deſcendants. In the interval, I wiſh to have it known, that you never will poſſeſs a truer friend in any one than in your ſiſter,

Jeſſica Lennox.

LETTER III.

From Dormer to Jeſſica.

DEAR SISTER,

I RETURN you my ſincereſt thanks for the delightful letter that you have ſent me to diſpel my fears. The ſcene between my Fidele and your black cat, with their imaginary converſation, could not but amuſe me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue to be very clever; but the other's *queek, queek, queek,* much more ſo, ſince it ended in the adverſary's abſolute defeat, through your incomparable courage; and for which you ought to have a ciſtern full of water in your eſcutcheon, when the herald makes you out your arms.

I have been hard at work theſe three days on the journal of my travels, which I promiſed to ſend you, as a recompence for your care of Fidele. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to one another. His opinion, as I have already told you, is, that by this ſort of correſpondence we ſhall acquire a habit of inditing with facility, and properly

reflecting on ſuch objects as may ſtrike our ſight. As much as I have written, he informs me, ſeems to have been done with accuracy, and deſires to read the account that you have promiſed of your dinner in the country with mama. Frederic and Louiſa certainly were of the party: Oh, how much impertinence muſt of neceſſity have paſſed between you! but indeed, though you ſhould tell me only of your own, I know, you have a ſtock in hand ſufficient to ſupply a chapter, and that chapter not the ſhorteſt that was ever written. To encourage you in ſending me this chapter with the greateſt expedition, I ſhall be myſelf as quick as poſſible in the collation of the ſeveral parcels of my narrative, inſcribed on more than twenty ſcraps of paper. You will have it in a week or thereabouts. Adieu: I claſp you in the mean time to my heart, and am, as long as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

DORMER LENNOX.

LETTER IV.

From Jeſſica to Dormer.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHAT can you be thinking of, to let me wait ſo long before I ſee the journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to ſome unknown ſtrange iſland, for the ſake of having ſuch atchievements to record, as no one will be authorized to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order on which you pride yourſelf ſo much, in the mention of your twenty ſcraps of paper, ſcattered up and down, no doubt in every corner of your chamber. It will be fortunate, however, if the little cat belonging to your habitation does not pleaſe herſelf by playing with the beſt part of your narrative. I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed, were I to diſcover many chaſms in it, or perceive that you had begun with the concluſion, and affixed the fag-end, as we ſay, where the commencement ſhould be, which would prove at leaſt as entertaining as the chapter ſtuffed with

with my impertinencies. I cannot tell at preſent, if the ciſtern-full of water would look well in my eſcutcheon; but ſuppoſe that your ſibyll's leaves would make a ſpecial coat of arms for you. Since my papa deſires to ſee my narrative, I ſhall make haſte to ſend it in a day or two; but hope that the intervening time will bring me yours; for I ſhould really be ſorry to poſtpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which, as I have ſomewher eread, means juſt the ſame as if I ſhould omit relating them for ever. Pray embrace papa on my account, as tenderly as you are able, and deſire him to return you as affectonately as he is able, all the kiſſes that you have given him for

Your ſiſter and friend,

JESSICA LENNOX.

P. S. Incloſed you have my Journal.

JOURNAL OF MY TRAVELS.

ONE has no occaſion to go over ſo much ground as you have travelled, to be able to ſupply the reader with adventures. We had hardly paſſed the ſecond turnpike on the Clapham road, before we fell in with a

drover, who was bringing up about a hundred ſheep to London. As our coachman thought his honour concerned in not permitting ſuch a ſcrubby drove of cattle to uſurp the road and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage through them. The poor ſheep, who are accounted to have honeſt hearts, but weak intellects, not knowing whither they ſhould run, in their confuſion got between the horſes legs; and ſome were even entangled in the ſpokes. The drover bid the coachman ſtop, as loud as he could roar; but the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the leaſt relax his ſpeed, and ſtill continued on the trot. The wind was rather freſh, and therefore we had all the glaſſes up. My brother Frederic wiſhed to know by what means the poor ſheep would free themſelves from their embarraſſment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wiſhed to look about him, it was neceſſary firſt of all to let the glaſs down, and of courſe he thruſt his head quite through and through the brittle cryſtal, which that moment broke into a thouſand pieces. You may judge with what alacrity he drew his head in once again; but

but in ſo doing, he was ſlightly wounded in his forehead by a piece of the broken glaſs. He put his hand directly on the part, and ſo contrived, as with the little blood proceeding from the ſcratch, to ſmear his face all over completely, and looked exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the ale-houſe oppoſite our door. Louiſa, at this ſight, was ſure that her brother muſt have had his noſe cut off, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the ſheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Frederic! ah my poor dear brother! till mama had, with a little ſcented water which ſhe poured upon her handkerchief, wiped his face clean, and given it once more that ſly look which you know it poſſeſſes. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy that you do not engroſs all the giddineſs belonging to our family, and already little Frederic gives full proof that he is not a jot leſs giddy than his elder brother.

Nothing worth mention happened after this event, till we arrived at Margaret's, our dear nurſe, with whom we were to dine and ſtay till evening. After having all of

us received her kind embraces, we went through the houſe, and into the fields, where we propoſed to take a walk. By accident, I was a little diſtant from the reſt; and as I paſſed along a hedge, obſerved three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious ſpringe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings moſt lamentably, and implored me, or at leaſt I thought ſo, to ſet them free. You may ſuppoſe, I did not ſhew myſelf inſenſible to their petition. Inſtantly I broke their bonds, and had the pleaſure to behold how grateful they appeared; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions, as they flew away. This pity that I had ſhewn them did not pleaſe a little country boy who lived hard by, and had eſtabliſhed very greedy hopes upon the ſale of theſe three priſoners; ſo that their deliverance, as I mean to let you ſee, and ſhortly, but for accidental circumſtances, might have coſt us dear.

The ſun towards noon had diſſipated all the miſts. The day was ſo delightful, that mama deſired we might enjoy the pleaſure of a rural meal, and therefore requeſted Mar-

Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had ſtrawberries and cream; and at the very moment when poor Frederic, with the freedom which country manners allow, happened to be lifting up the platter to his mouth, that he might ſave himſelf the trouble of diſpatching matters with the ſpoon, a ſtone (behold ye) ſtruck it right upon the rim, and overſet its whole contents upon the table, not without firſt plentifully beſprinkling ſeveral of us round about. You ſhould have ſeen us in the height of our confuſion, palpitating as we ſat with fright, as if we had imagined that Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's huſband, who is not a man to ſwoon away at every noiſe, that moment poſted towards the garden door, to catch this thundering deity, who was certainly the little peaſant that had ſet the ſpringes. But the deity, like thoſe mentioned in Homer, who amuſed themſelves at the expence of mortals, had already made himſelf inviſible. It was all loſt labour that our hoſt ſtood ſentry at the door. He only ſaved us from the danger

of another thunderbolt, which might have otherwiſe been pointed at us.

Dinner was now over, and I thought of paying one more viſit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering, if I could, ſome other priſoners, when mama informed us that we muſt think of ſetting out on our return. We entered the coach once more with ſome reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little preſents each. There never ſure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman ſtopped to give his horſes breath, we had the pleaſure to behold a ſpacious horizon adorned with clouds of every colour, and ſet off with gold. The ſun, that as I thought rejoiced in having acceſs to us given him by Frederic, coloured, out of gratitude, Louiſa's face and his with all the purple of his rays. Our couſin, who you know has been abroad, at ſuch a ſight turned round, and told mama that they looked exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics are uſed to place for ornament about the altars in their churches.

The poor ſheep that we met in the morning, certainly muſt have alarmed their comrades,

rades, and gone off, as we encountered none on our return. We met no ſort of company but half a dozen aſſes who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horſes, who, I fancy, thought they could diſcern a family reſemblance in theſe laſt, were giving up the right-hand ſide of the road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preſerve the honour of his ſeat, and feelingly convinced them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did above them in all books of natural hiſtory, it was but juſt they ſhould preſerve it on the road. They were obliged to yield aſſent to arguments ſo ſtriking, and got home in perfect order, and without another miſadventure.

LETTER V.

IT is not in the leaſt degree aſtoniſhing my dear ſiſter, that you ſhould come off ſo eaſily in the recital of a journey, which has brought you into company with none

but ſhort horned, or long eared animals; a giddy boy that breaks window glaſſes; or a little raggamuffin that pelts you with ſtones. If ſuch affairs are what you call adventures, I can hardly gueſs what name you can find out magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happened to me in the compaſs of ſingle pariſh, you may eaſily imagine what ſurpriſing matters I ſhould have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of Knight Errantry, I ſhould have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I myſelf ſung the great atchievements that I ſhould perform; which truſt me I would do, leſt any one, who might be tempted to record them, ſhould not do it to my liking.

Incloſed, therefore, I ſend you a ſmall ſpecimen of my abilities as a journaliſt. I ſubmit it to your cenſure, or to mend the expreſſion, recommend you to peruſe it with your greateſt poſſible attention; otherwiſe 'tis not unlikely but you will miſs of ſome among its ſingular and ſtriking beauties. Yours,

DORMER.

JOURNAL OF MY TRAVELS.

WE rolled along in ſilence for the ſpace of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no leſs velocity than the clouds above our heads. I bleſſed the memory of him who firſt of all invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and ſhall always think it charming, till ſome other perſon brings the project to perfection of tranſporting us ſtill more delightfully, by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was meditating on this ſubject, when of a ſudden I perceived the coachman violently exerciſed at ſomething or another. His great coat had ſlipped from off his ſeat on one of the front wheels, which carried it about the center. After many revolutions, he had made ſhift to faſten on a a ſleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugged, My coat! my coat! I thruſt my head out haſtily to ſee what ailed him, when my hat blew off; ſo I joined in concert with the coachman, and cried out as luſtily, My hat! my hat! Poor

Jeffry, from his ſtation in the rear, ſtood witneſs to my lamentations, and leaned over towards me, when, behold ye! the furred cap that he wears, fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but aiming to recover it when falling, ſomehow or another loſt his footing, and came down the neareſt way head-foremoſt. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very ſoft quagmire, otherwiſe I cannot pretend to tell you what misfortune would have befallen his limbs; at leaſt, I am ſure, his noſe and chin would have been both demoliſhed, as he fell into the quagmire face downwards. All this happened in a minute. My papa, in this confuſion, was the only perſon who retained his ſenſes. He let down the glaſs in front, and ſeizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, ſtopped the horſes. Upon this, the coachman getting down, made ſhift to free his coat. But what long faces did he make, when he ſaw in the middle of the back a monſtrous rent, through which a judge might eaſily have thruſt his head, and not diſordered his huge wig. On his ſide, Jeffry, as I ſaw, had got his mouth

mouth ſo filled with mud, that he could not for a time bring out a ſingle ſyllable. O ſiſter! had you ſeen him thus beplaiſtered as he was, affect a grin, in order to ſhew papa that his fall had broken no bones, I am ſure you would have laughed for a month to come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing in the world but ſneeze, and ſputter, ſhake himſelf, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands: his coat, which had been green, no longer now preſerved that colour any where, except behind. In ſhort, he looked as if he was dreſt for a maſquerade.

He went a little back to ſeek his fox-ſkin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to ſerve by way of plume. By that it was diſcovered in the quagmire, and by that fiſhed up. When he had got it out, he was obliged to wring it twenty times. before it was in a ſtate for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm. He alſo picked up my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way in the air. It loſt however nothing by ſo many ſomerſets; on the contrary, it got a

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comfortable coat, which, though all the bruſhes of the houſe have frequently been exerciſed upon it, nevertheleſs it ſtill retains, and ſeems determined to retain, in ſpite of their beards.

After we were once again prepared for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philoſophize upon theſe accidents; but after having tried to do ſo in a very ſerious ſtrain, we fancied the beſt method was to take the affair more gaily. My papa drew conſolation from his purſe to give the coachman; and on my ſide, as I obſerved Jeffry in pain about his fur-cap only, ſince the livery was his maſter's property, I tipped him ſuch a wink as reſtored him to a better temper. After which, we all went forward, juſt as if no accident had happened.

We were now come near a village, when papa diſcerned an ancient ſoldier ſeated on a ſtone beſide the road. One leg was under him, bent backward, and the other a wooden one, ſtuck out ſtiff before him, A long crutch lay quietly upon his left, and on his right-hand ſat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a ſoldier, and particularly when that

that ſoldier is a cripple, courteouſly ſaluted him, and bade me fling a ſhilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfilled ſo honourable a commiſſion in a very dextrous manner, I may ſay without the leaſt degree of oſtentation, as I did not miſs the hat. The ſoldier's gratitude was uttered in ſo high a pitch, that it ſufficed to wake a poor beggar-woman, who lay ſleeping not far off upon a little ſtraw. She trotted after us, and reached the carriage juſt as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. "Ah, ſir!" ſaid ſhe to my papa, "how you beſtow your charity! and if you give it to an old drunken fellow, what aſſiſtance will you afford an honeſt women, as I am, who have not ſwallowed theſe ten years a glaſs of any liquor ſtronger than ſmall beer?"—Papa, whoſe mind was occupied on many ſubjects at that inſtant, was not thinking of the invalid, and viewed her with a viſible aſtoniſhment. "Yes, yes, ſir," continued ſhe, "it is of that drunken ſoldier I am ſpeaking. Oh! I heard how much he thanked you for the ſhilling which, it ſeems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I would lay a wager, that, before night

night comes, he will have ſpent it all in gin. And then, ſir, did not you remark the great black dog beſide him as he ſat? A beggar keep a dog! What is that but robbing other people who deſerve aſſiſtance?"—"Hold your tongue!" ſaid my papa, and ſeemed quite angry. "Why abuſe a man at this rate, who has no leſs need than you of my compaſſion? If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an ancient ſoldier ſuch a fault. While we are ſeated at our eaſe before a good fire, and even you are not without ſo great a comfort, ſoldiers muſt endure the wind, ſnow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they ſhould have recourſe to what is ſure to warm them, and in time become accuſtomed to it? And reſpecting his great dog, perhaps that animal may be the only friend that he has, his tried aſſociate, and the ſingle creature who partakes of his bad days."—When he had ſaid theſe words, he held out two-pence, without looking at her. She received them with a kind of ſcorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her ſpeak. The ill-natured wretch had

made me angry. "I am very ſorry, ſir," ſaid I, "that you gave her any thing. She muſt be ſure a very horrid creature to abuſe a poor old ſoldier, and be envious of the alms that you gave him."—"You are in the right," replied my father. "He who wiſhes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deſerves my indignation only. Yet I ſaw that ſhe was in want, and only upon that account forgot her evil diſpoſition. It is puniſhment enough that ſhe is reduced to beg. Had ſhe but kept her tongue in bounds, I would have given her what the ſoldier had."

While we were thus diſcourſing with each other, our hoſt had ſhewn us up into a room, of which one window opened towards the road that we had been travelling, and another towards a yard behind the houſe. While they were getting dinner ready, I ſtood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, ſiſter, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there?—the beggar-woman, who was now come back, and had by this time ſet herſelf upon a block beſide the gate-way. She pulled out a little flaſket full

full of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a hearty pull. I called out to papa, and bade him come and ſee. He told me not to ſpeak, leſt we ſhould be overheard. We both looked at her, and ſoon ſaw the ſoldier likewiſe coming down the road, ſupported by his crutch, and followed by the great black dog. As ſoon as the old woman ſaw him haſting towards her, ſhe put up her flaſket with the greateſt haſte into her pocket. We were both of us curious to overhear their converſation. "Mother," ſaid the ſoldier, who was now come pretty near her, "do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You are not hungry, I ſuppoſe."—"Heaven help me!" ſaid the hypocrite, and made as if ſhe wept. "I aſſure you, my good friend, I do not want for an appetite: if I could but come at ſomething good to eat, I ſhould not much mind what it was."---"If that be all," replied the generous ſoldier, "I have ſufficient for us both." On this he ſat down by her, ſlipped a knapſack from his ſhoulder, and took out a lump of coarſe brown bread, together with a ſlice of cheeſe wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman,

ſaying

ſaying, "There, good woman, help yourſelf." She did, and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, though but a trifle; and of this, for every bit that he ate himſelf, the large black dog had likewiſe his ſhare, who had aſſumed his place behind, and all the while was reſting in a very friendly way his head upon his maſter's ſhoulder.

During their repaſt, the hypocritical old woman turned her converſation on the unfeelingneſs of travellers; adding, that the gentleman, who had but juſt before alighted from his carriage, and put up for dinner at the inn before them, gave her only a poor half-penny. "That cannot be true," replied the honeſt-hearted ſoldier. "He muſt be a noble gentleman; or certainly he had no money in his purſe but gold, which could not eaſily be changed. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his ſon---a ſhilling! It is not always that pieces of this weight of metal tumble into my hat. But do not you fret yourſelf, for you ſhall be the better for my luck. I cannot be happy by myſelf. A good repaſt requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within

within my lips to-day, although it is very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was ſo conſumptive, that I could eaſily have paſſed it through a needle's eye this morning; but thank heaven, at preſent it is quite plump and jolly, ſo that I can well afford to lay out ſix-pence for us both. Come, good mother, let me have your hand."

Saying thus, he roſe much in ſpirits, and quite jovial. The old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and officiouſly held him out his crutch, careſſing now and then the dog. I could have found it in my heart to beat the wretch for this diſſembled friendſhip. They walked up together to the houſe, and entered at the gate-way; while on our part, we above ſtairs ſhifted ground, and haſtened towards the other window which looked out into the yard. We heard the ſoldier call for a gill of brandy with two little glaſſes, one of which he filled and gave the woman, who made haſte and ſwallowed it immediately. Papa could not reſtrain his indignation any longer. "Out on ſuch a hateful creature!" cried he.—They both lifted up their heads. The woman recollecting us, that moment gave a ſhriek; but,

but, on the contrary, the ſoldier was not diſconcerted. "See," ſaid he, "good ſir, how we are making merry through your bounty. Let me drink your health," continued he, and took his hat off, "with the gentleman your ſon's. I never forget any one, however little, that is but generouſly diſpoſed."—"Much good may the liquor do you, my worthy fellow," anſwered my papa. "I like your ſpirit. However poor you are, you can oblige; ſo here is a trifle more to ſtrengthen your remembrance of us," throwing him a half-crown piece. "But as for all thoſe wretches than can firſt abuſe an honeſt fellow, and then drink his liquor juſt as if it were their own"—The wretch would hear no more, hung down her head, and in confuſion ſneaked away.

While we were both at dinner, the landlord informed us that the honeſt ſoldier, whoſe name was Trim, had been a long while in the ſervice; that he had not quitted it before he loſt his leg, and had the friendſhip and eſteem of all his officers. "It is he," continued the hoſt, "who keeps up peace and order in the village, ſince his ſoldier-

ſoldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty; but he never will accept of any thing that he has not earned by ſome good ſervice or another, as by going upon errands, which he does with no leſs expedition than fidelity. I ſhould have put him in a paſſion, had I even refuſed to take his money for the gill of brandy. He aſſerts that I ought to live by what I get in trade, whoever are my cuſtomers; and ſays that, if I gave him any thing, I ſhould be then obliged to charge it elſewhere, which would be unjuſt. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a baſket full of flints upon his ſhoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You muſt have noticed in what admirable order it appeared. He never aſks for any thing; but there is ſcarce a traveller accuſtomed to the road who does not throw him ſomething as he paſſes by. He takes it without any heſitation, as he thinks that he has deſerved it. This is his employ all ſummer; and in winter, when the weather is at the coldeſt, he fills up his time

time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes up his ſeat in my kitchen chimney. He generouſly gives theſe clogs to thoſe whoſe parents are ſo poor that they cannot pay his price, leſt they ſhould happen to catch cold. The only recompenſe that he aſks of them for this trouble, is to ſee them dance before him."

Well, ſiſter, what are your thoughts of this good-hearted Trim? This laſt particular in his ſtory gave me ſo much pleaſure, that I ordered a pair immediately for you, which I ſhall take when I return. As you are far too generous, and beſides too diſtant to diſcharge the value of the clogs in capers, I have engaged myſelf, as you would do, to pay him for them in hard money. I deſign to give him half-a-crown, and then the clogs will be much worthier of you. They will not be uſeleſs, if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend that my journal had already tired your patience, I ſhould have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way which Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bravery,

very, would never have thought of. You will ſuppoſe, perhaps, that after ſuch a preface, there was an inchanter, or at leaſt a giant in the caſe, or ſome illuſtrious princeſs to deliver, or ſome great kingdom to be recovered by conqueſt. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little girl who was tending a cow, and a boy engaged in the ſame office with an aſs, who were ſtruggling with each other for an apple which the former had found. After having very gravely taken all the neceſſary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may gueſs, the weaker party, and defended her, but not in more than words, ſince fortunately for the ſtronger, I had neither lance nor ſhield; or rather, to confeſs a truth, becauſe, even though I had, he was of a ſize to thraſh my knighthood ſoundly. I perceived immediately that the moderation of a Solomon or a Titus ſuited much better with my inferiority of ſize, and therefore I adjuſted the affair in conteſt to the ſatisfaction of both combatants, by ſharing equally between them the remainder of that tart which you know the cook had made

made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare that we ſaw running acroſs the country, followed by a pack of hounds and huntſmen. The poor creature, after having often thrown them out, as is the phraſe with ſportſmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climbed a pointed rock. A furious dog perceived her in this laſt retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together, miſerably mangled.—But this picture is much too cruel: is it not Jeſſica?—Let me therefore touch on themes more pleaſing, and inform you of the joy that our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the houſe. If your dry jokes had not for ever undeceived me on the ſubject of my own excluſive merit, I ſhould think myſelf a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome that we received. It is much more modeſt in me to ſuppoſe myſelf indebted for that welcome to the recollection of your viſit here, which they have cheriſhed ever ſince laſt year. I do ſuppoſe it, and place all my boaſt in thanking you for having

laid

laid the ground-work of the entertainment that I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear ſiſter, I have ſent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you will think too tedious. The moſt perilous of every circumſtance attending them was, when, to give you ſome amuſement, I engaged to put them down in black and white. I thought that I never ſhould have come to the concluſion of my taſk. I will not boaſt of any merit in the execution of my great undertaking, and yet I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you will owe my kindneſs ſomething, when you come to be acquainted that at preſent they have been ringing for me theſe ten minutes to come down and eat ſome fritters which are growing cold, while I myſelf am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroiſm of fraternal love ever yet went much farther than I have puſhed it in this ſingle inſtance for your ſake.

Adieu, dear ſiſter! I will divert myſelf as much as poſſible for your ſake rather than my own, that at the time of my return I may preſent myſelf before you ſo

much the more merry-hearted. I cannot tell what you may think of this; but I, for my part, think that you ſhould look upon it as a proof of the tenderneſs of that attachment with which I am, dear ſiſter, yours,

DORMER LENNOX.

LETTER VI.

From Jeſſica to Dormer.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE often heard that nothing forms the underſtanding ſo effectually as travelling; and your narrative ſupplies me with a proof of the aſſertion which I did not in the leaſt expect; for who would ever think that ſuch a little animal as you, ſhould think of being a philoſopher for having travelled eighteen miles? You told me, in your firſt epiſtle, that you deſigned the Journal of your Travels for poſterity. Whenever, therefore, you think fit to ſend it as directed, I will take upon me to complete ſuch ſketches as are fit to bear it company,

which I will get corrected by my drawing-maſter. For example, our ſolemn coachman, who, without once changing place, gets hold of his great coat, and lugs it by the ſleeve; poor Jeffry riſing ſolemnly and ſlowly from the quagmire; and my giddy-headed brother quite uncovered at the chariot-door, and with his eyes purſuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are three droll figures; while papa, ſtill faithful to his character for prudence, ſhall be repreſented as in contraſt, ſeizing on the coachman's reins to ſtop his horſes. You do not think that I ſhall forget the ancient ſoldier and old woman dining on the block. Oh! how I ſhall ſtrive to ſet off to the beſt advantage honeſt Trim, together with his great black dog, that eat ſo amicably, leaning on his ſhoulder. Finally, I will terminate my gallery with the ſcene betwixt your girl with the cow and your boy tending the aſs, not forgetting to deſcribe you, as you repreſent yourſelf, conſidering gravely of their quarrel, and accommodating matters with the fragments of an apple-tart. It is true, I ſhall not write at the top the name of either Solomon or Titus, which your uſual modeſty,

modeſty, without the leaſt demur, lays claim to. I have thought of one more proper, namely, Sancho Panca; as I hardly ever knew, in all my life, a perſon of more underſtanding.

I ſuppoſe, you will not wiſh to be behind-hand with me; therefore I give up the account of my adventures to you, in peruſing which you will with eaſe ſuggeſt ſufficient ſubjects to your own imagination for a ſet of pictures no leſs intereſting, I believe, than thoſe which, from peruſing your atchievements, I have ſuggeſted, as you ſee, to mine.

I had nearly forgot to return you my thanks for ordering me the pair of clogs. My purſe will not allow me to repay you the immenſe expence of ſo magnificent a preſent; therefore you will let me ſatisfy you for it as the little children pay Trim. I am learning a new caper for that purpoſe. —I am infinitely touched at your ſuperior generoſity, in letting paſs no opportunities of recreation, for my ſake; and beg you to believe that my ſenſibility will naturally bid me do the like.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dear Dormer! As I take it, we are a match for one another in joking, I only wiſh to go beyond you in the boaſt of tender friendſhip, as becomes

Your ſiſter and your friend,

JESSICA LENNOX.

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